

The American **LEGION** MONTHLY

NOVEMBER 1935

10 CENTS



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BIG MOMENTS**

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GOLF

Gene Sarazen, Craig Wood,
Tommy Armour, Willie
Macfarlane, Helen Hicks

TRACK AND FIELD

Jim Bausch Leo Sexton

SWIMMING

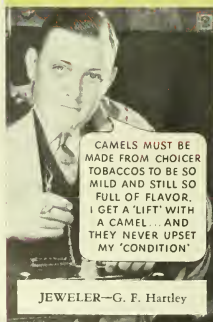
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(Signed) R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N.C.



A UNION SOLDIER

with the A.E.F. *By N.G. Van Sant*

IN MY eighty-nine years I have had two great experiences. Either alone would have marked the high point in a lifetime.

Together, they have not been duplicated, so far as I have been able to learn, by any man. I was a Union soldier in the Civil War and I was privileged to serve men of the A.E.F. directly at the fighting front. Perhaps some of my readers will recall Dad Van Sant who worked in the Salvation Army hut in a wine cellar at Mandres, in the Toul sector, that summer of 1918. A modest service enough, turning flapjacks, frying doughnuts and making coffee, but the men seemed to approve it.

In the Civil War, I enlisted at seventeen in the Ninth Illinois Cavalry, in 1864, and saw it through. I joined up for the work in France at seventy-two. When the Spanish-American War broke out, I hurried back from a world tour to my home in Sterling, Illinois, and tried to get in, but the ranks were full. However, in the next war I was able to find a place at the front, though not in the fighting ranks.

After America's entrance into the World War, besides making some public addresses in Sterling for our cause, I had helped several boys fill out their questionnaires. I had advised them not to claim exemption, so that in years to come they could say they were in that mighty struggle. It came to me that I should practise my own preaching. I was alone, in good health and free to do a bit where the fighting was. The Salvation Army accepted me and I went over in June, the second year. I returned in September.



Doughboys getting doughnuts from ex-Private Van Sant's Salvation Army lassies at Varennes—they served 6,000 doughnuts a day there for ten days. At left, Mr. Van Sant, from a recent photograph

As chief cook and bottle washer as well as sweeper-up, counter-sales clerk and all-round worker in a number of huts close to the front and often under enemy fire, I felt that I had never had a more worth-while job in my life. It was a great experience. I wouldn't have missed it for anything. We had a fine army, and to be permitted to serve some of its members was an opportunity and a distinction.

Much of my assignment was in the village of Mandres, southeast of St. Mihiel and not far from Montsec. Our quarters—I had a helper most of the time—were in an abandoned wine cellar. The building above had been demolished but the cellar was shell and bomb proof, and hence about the most popular place in the town. It was said that there was only one house in it not damaged by shell fire. The cellar was some forty feet long by twenty wide, with stone walls, earth floor and ceiling high enough for standing upright in the middle but not near the sides. It had a stove, a canteen counter, tables and so on. At the entrance was a hogshead or big wine cask, filled with rocks, which one had to squeeze past in coming or going. At night I slept in a dugout not far from the wine cellar.

At one of the earlier stations in the (Continued on page 42)

For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

NOVEMBER, 1935



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COVER DESIGN: A PUNT

A UNION SOLDIER WITH THE A. E. F.

by Herbert M. Stoops

NO CAUSE BUT THE LEGION'S

by N. G. Van Sant 1

THE MAN FOR MINNIE

by Ray Murphy, *National Commander* 5

by Peter B. Kyne 6

Illustrations by Herbert M. Stoops

1919—SAINT LOUIS—1935

by Philip Von Blon 10

Cartoons by Wallgren

THEIR BIG MOMENTS

18

Illustrations by Frank Street

WOMAN'S WORK IS NEVER DONE

by John J. Noll 22

WATCH THE WHITES OF THEIR EYES

by Lou Little 26

RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH

by Fred C. Painton 28

SHOOT AND EAT

30

CHAMPION OF CHAMPIONS

by Alexander Gardiner 32

ARMISTICE? NOT ON THIS FRONT

by The Company Clerk 34

BURSTS AND DUDS

Conducted by Dan Sowers 48

THE FORTY AND EIGHT

64

SIGN THEM UP—NOW!

NOW is the time for all good posts to come to their own aid and help their Departments get an early start in the race for pre-eminence in membership. Everything points to a big Legion year in 1936, and the bigger the membership the easier it will be for the organization to achieve the objectives which the National Convention in St. Louis determined upon. No man who saw service in the World War should be outside the Legion ranks, for its record of peacetime service is a challenge to greater deeds for America. But he's got to be told, in many cases. Don't let George do it—make yourself a committee with power to sign up these men who ought to be one of ours. The command is forward—for God and Country, more than a million strong.

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How Can I—a *Business Man*—Really Learn Law at Home?

YOU are not alone in asking that question. Practically every man has seen where knowledge of law would have helped his success. The entire structure of business is held together by contracts and legal relations—and the man who knows law has a distinct advantage—for himself and his firm.

Again, countless occasions arise outside of the office—rental leases, life insurance, inheritance questions, domestic affairs, taxes and trust agreements are but a few—on each of which you may stand to lose unless you know something of law.

Again, the study of law, legal training, gives you what the business world prizes highly and rewards liberally—a keen analytical mind, the ability to judge shrewdly and to act quickly and with confidence.

But whether you want law for personal and business values, or whether you intend to prepare for a bar examination, the same problem confronts you. How can you acquire that knowledge?

You can't go back to school or spend the necessary years in a law office. But there is one road open to you—*home study*—a road, as you know, that some of the greatest leaders of all time have traveled—men like Lincoln, Grant, Disraeli, John Marshall, Coolidge—who mastered this important subject in hours that otherwise would have been wasted.

It can be done, of course—thousands have done it—yet what you want to know is—can you reasonably hope to do it? Will it be worth your time and money? Will it hold your interest, or will you find it drudgery? And—most important of all—will you really benefit by it?

You are quite wise in asking these questions—in holding your decision until they are answered to your complete satisfaction—

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Third: Since legal text books are of such great importance in any study of law, the LaSalle Law Library was prepared by more than twenty outstanding law professors—leading teachers in our greatest resident law schools—and three lawyers. Five of these professors—including the editor-in-chief—have been Deans of their schools. One of the editors is now president of a great state university. Also, among the writers of the special lectures supplementing the texts are two U. S. Senators, a former attorney-general of the U. S., and a Supreme Court Justice of the State of New York.

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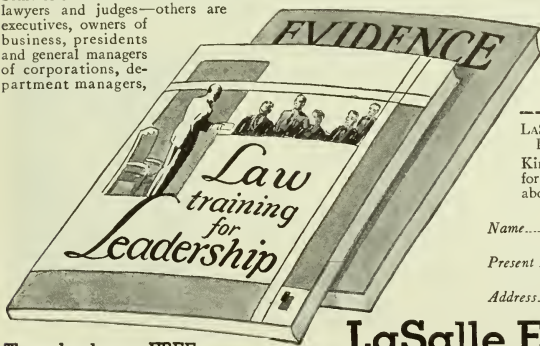
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BE A GOOD NEIGHBOR

It's the Best American Tradition



THERE was a time, not so long ago, when being a good neighbor was a real factor in getting America going—and keeping us on our way.

In that day a man and his sons might cut and hew the timbers for a new dwelling and frame them stoutly on the ground. But before the walls could be raised, before the roof could go on, these builders needed and received the help of their neighbors. It was given generously in the old Colonial "house raising."

The same necessity for being a good neighbor, for helping the other fellow whenever he needed help, was recognized in all departments of early American life. Days of labor and the use of teams were exchanged as conditions of the crops demanded. And in time of sickness, fire, drought, attack, each man was in truth his brother's keeper.

In spite of the specialization of modern times, the speed and the scope of business and social life, there is, more than ever, the need for the good old American virtue of being a neighbor. No longer are you called upon to

help the other fellow frame and raise his house, or to fight shoulder to shoulder with him against a common foe. But it is your responsibility to support, as you are able, institutions that minister to his welfare and the welfare of his family as definitely as a pioneer ever helped his neighbors. Hospitals, clinics, day nurseries need and deserve your help. . . . So do homes for the aged, the blind, the incurable. . . . So do the agencies that build the youth of your community.

It's still necessary to be a good neighbor. And it's still possible. Support your Community Chest. Answer local welfare appeals. You will be the best possible neighbor in your own neighborhood!

Good Loops
Chairman,
National Citizens' Committee



All facilities for this advertisement furnished the committee without cost

MOBILIZATION FOR HUMAN NEEDS—1935

NO CAUSE BUT *the* LEGION'S

by

The National Commander

IT IS my good fortune to have been selected as your National Commander backed by the most clear cut and definite program that has ever been adopted by the assembled voice of The American Legion.

Never before, since the question was first brought before the organization at its Minneapolis National Convention in 1919, has an adjusted compensation resolution been unanimously endorsed by The American Legion. My mandate is unequivocal, and I shall support it to the letter. I am heartened by the fact that the bonus resolution adopted at St. Louis just a month ago specifically divorced that issue from every other that might confuse the simple question of justice to the ex-service man and woman.

More closely allied to the bonus issue than might appear on the surface is the problem of the universal draft.

The American Legion has been hammering at this goal for ten years; despite the obstacles that have been put in the path of its enactment, the Legion has persevered, and will continue to persevere, to have it written on the statute books. Your National Organization will have more to say on this matter during the coming session of Congress. It need only be said here that at no time since the



Ray Murphy, National Commander

World War has the necessity for a Universal Service law been more clearly demonstrated than the world is demonstrating it at present. Only along this road lies the hope of World Peace.

During the year ahead the Legion will not forget its obligation to the widows and orphans of the World War. We shall press for the enactment of suitable legislation for the protection of these most innocent and least vocal of the war's victims—of any war's victims.

I shall have more to say later regarding the full breadth and scope of the program that the organization will seek to write into the history of The American Legion during 1936. But I do not want to close this brief pronouncement without stressing the fact that all the efforts of the National Organization will go for

naught unless the full strength of an alert, powerful and numerous body is behind them. The main objective, at the moment, is membership. Great membership and great achievement go hand in hand. I have never seen a weak post with a strong membership—or a strong post with a weak membership. Many hands may not make light work, but they make accomplishment certain. Moving forward, as we must, like a mighty peacetime army, we cannot fail to take our objectives. To the accomplishment of our endeavors I shall give all my heart, all my mind, all my strength. In return I ask from you, the individual Legionnaire, your full and loyal support as we go forward for God and country.

TALE OF SAILORMEN, CRAFT AND LOVE

MY friend, Hamilton Reedy, is a chief boatswain's mate, retired, of the United States Navy, and he lives in a little bungalow down on the shore of San Diego Bay, where he can talk with other old retired men and keep more or less in touch with the fleet. One morning I found him fondling a model of a double-ended boat, and asked him what it was.

"Model of a Navy racing barge," he replied. "Admiral Bayliss sent it to me. He retired as chief of naval operations last week, and his last official act was to send up to the Philadelphia Navy Yard and swipe this model for me, as a sort of keepsake."

Ham Reedy smiled the reminiscent smile of one who sees things not given to other mortal eyes.

"Why this particular model?" I queried. "I thought all Navy racing barges were built to standard specifications."

"So they are, so they are," he replied patiently, "but this one had her lines sweetened a little, which secret is known only to the admiral and me. And those sweet lines were drawn off from a barge built by a Kanaka fisherman who didn't know any more about naval architecture than a pig does of Polaris, although to the best of his ability he built it as close to Navy barge specifications as possible, in the matter of draft, beam, length on waterline and length from stem to stern. Then he put a crew of Kanakas in it and walloped the crew of the U. S. S. *Chesapeake* by six lengths. And we were the champion crew of the Pacific Fleet in those days. The brown rascals took all the money in our ship, except what the paymaster had in his safe. After the race, they hauled her up on the beach and went off to a luau and Lieutenant (junior grade) Monk Bayliss and I went ashore and drew off her lines. Monk had taken the course in naval construction at the Academy."

Mr. Reedy got out his pipe, cut a segment from his black navy plug and loaded and lighted his pipe—infallible preliminary in a sailor man to the spinning of a yarn.

"I was sixteen and out of high school when I first held up my



The MAN

hand," he began. "The old White Squadron had just given way to the gray battle-wagons. I studied hard and kept my nose clean and at twenty-two I was a chief boatswain's mate. Never a payday that I didn't tuck some of it away with the paymaster at interest, for I liked the service and had made up my mind to do my time and retire without a worry in life. The thought of getting married never occurred to me; I'd always felt sorry for Navy widows—until I met Minnie McAndrews. Minnie was always too good for a sailor. A missionary's daughter she was and crapes, how that horse-faced father of hers hated Navy men! Commissioned or enlisted personnel, he had a grudge against us all, holding us a sinful lot ashore and no better than we'd ought to be at sea. He didn't want Minnie to marry me. In fact, he didn't want her to marry anybody; had it planned for Minnie to dedicate her life to the Lord and spend it herding Chinamen into a Hebrew's idea of heaven. With the help of Monk Bayliss I changed all that.

"Well, I was chief boatswain's mate on the old *Chesapeake*



As the stern cleared the bow
of the other boat a mighty
cheer went up from both
banks

'You'll do for coxswain. You've got your crew with you always. Leadership. You've got an even beat, you know the limitations of your men and you've trained them well. What you need is better men. Not heavyweights, but men averaging around a hundred and seventy; men with great chests, long backs and thin legs, men without much meat on them; men with heart. Four of your present crew will do. I'll pull stroke and we'll get rid of the others. Find me about thirty candidates to fill the vacancies.'

"So I found him thirty and he picked fifteen; then the doctors went over the fifteen and weeded them down to seven and Monk Bayliss went at them and, in two months, out of the seven he filled up the barge crew, and in Singapore we walked away from a good crew of a British cruiser and won a lot of money. Then a German challenged us and we beat them by four boat lengths and our own best time by twelve seconds. Our old man was delighted and Monk was proud of us. The next year we again won the championship of the Pacific Fleet—and then the doctors told Monk he'd developed a little heart murmur and the old man wouldn't let him pull stroke any more. However, we'd developed a

for MINNIE

By Peter B. Kyne

when Monk Bayliss, at twenty-two and just out of Annapolis, was assigned to her. He'd been the honor man of his class and champion light heavyweight, not only of the Academy, but of the entire Atlantic Coast. And he'd pulled stroke on the Navy crew that had won all the inter-collegiate regattas for three years. He'd a walk like a cat and was so full of mischief they called him Monkey Bayliss—Monk for short. He had the old Navy tradition, though. Hard as lignum vitae and soft as a boiled egg—kept an enlisted man away from him and yet held him close. Our old man was glad to get him and the first thing he did was to order Monk Bayliss to organize a barge crew. We had one on the *Chesapeake* but the old man didn't think so after the Kanakas beat us. I was coxswain and trainer. So right off I met Monk Bayliss.

"'Reedy,' he says, 'I hear you and your crew are terrible, but I do not believe all I hear. Get the barge overside and I'll pull stroke and see what you have.'

"When we got the barge back on the superstructure, he says:

good substitute for Monk and we were still a hard crew to beat.

"The years passed and I served in many ships, but my reputation as a coxswain was always ahead of me and wherever they assigned me the Old Man would hand over his barge crew to me to train and manage. I'd learned much from Monk Bayliss and had the ability to apply it, so wherever I went I had a barge crew that had to be reckoned with. Monk Bayliss did duty on land and sea, but after he left the *Chesapeake* it was ten years before I saw him again. He was a lieutenant, senior grade, then and I met him one night at the boat landing on the Bund in Shanghai—and I was through with barge racing forever, having at my own request, when re-enlisting, been assigned to a little flat-bottomed gunboat on the Yang-tse Patrol. I'd been in battle cruisers and battle wagons so long I wanted a change. Life on the Yang-tse was more interesting. We got a bit of shooting.

"We were in Shanghai for docking and there'd been a barge race at slack water on the Whang-poo late that morning, between an old Russian cruiser, and the British cruiser *Powerful*. I hadn't bothered to hang around to watch it because I could pick the winner before the race. I'd given odds of three to one and had won upwards of a hundred pounds from the optimists on the *Powerful*, and had gone ashore to blow some of it.

"Because they'd won their race the crew from the Russian had twenty-four hours' liberty and their old man had sent them ashore in his own gig. About eleven o'clock that night I came down to the boat landing on the Bund, planning to pick up a sampan and go out to my ship. The barge crew of the Russians', having celebrated with a big dinner at the Astor House, were coming down the Bund, singing operas and giving other evidences of the wine they had in them, and a U. S. naval officer—a two-striper—was standing at the entrance watching them.

"A launch coughed into the float and a young lady got out and came up the ramp to the street, just as the Russian crew started down, and what does one of these lads do but chuck this young woman under the chin and make a remark of sorts. She handed him two grand slaps for his pains—one on each cheek—and he slapped her back.

"Now, I was never what you might call a big man. I weighed about a hundred and forty-five at the time and I'd boxed a lot and could take care of myself with the average man of my weight. I had one real advantage in a fight. When I hit 'em they stayed hit for a while—and I hit that bird—an uppercut from the hip right under his chin. Then one of his friends hit me and when I turned to hit the friend, the friend wasn't there. That two-striper had helped me out.

"That was a fight. Those Russians couldn't box but they could kick—and they did, because they resented our interference in their innocent pastime. I accounted for three of the nine and the

Illustrations by Herbert M. Stoops

two-striper stretched the other six. But neither him nor me was nice to look upon when the job was done.

"That's the barge crew of the Russian cruiser, bo'sun," he says, spittin' blood and feeling to see if his ribs were all there. 'They row a damned sight better than they fight.'

"They're the champions of the Asiatic Station, sir," I replied, 'but if I had the crew I called the beat for in the old *Chesapeake*, I'd strip those Ivans down to their socks.'

"I've both eyes damaged so I cannot see you clearly," says my comrade in fists, 'but if you called the beat for the crew I stroked on the old *Chesapeake* you must be all that is mortal of Chief Boatswain's Mate Hamilton J. Reedy.'

"Mr. Bayliss!" I yelled—and I forgot discipline and respect to rank and made a dive for him. He put his arms around me and we hung there together and steadied ourselves, for the world was turning on its axis faster than usual. 'Old Ham Reedy,' he kept saying. 'Good old Ham! We're not the men we used to be but—we'll do.'

"Indeed you will, gentlemen," says a lady's voice beside us. 'The ruffians were too many for me and I am grateful for your assistance. I wonder if those people can assimilate a lesson in chivalry.'

"Bosun's Mate Reedy, what does she look like?" says Monk. 'My optic nerves have been short-circuited and I can see three of her but faintly. Which is she? The middle one?'

"She's a lady, sir," says I, 'and lovely, whichever one you look at.'

"I'm Miss Minerva McAndrews," says the young lady, 'and my father is in charge of the mission at Liu-ho.'

"That would be the Presbyterian mission—with a Mac in it," says Monk Bayliss, and introduces himself and me. 'And what the devil,' he continued, 'does a missionary's daughter mean by lallygagging around the Bund at this hour of the night?'

"I was down river to the steamer that sails tonight with the tide, carrying my father and mother back to the United States. Mother has to have medical treatment not available in China and father has to make a report of his stewardship to those higher up and paint it so brightly he'll get more money to carry on.'

"And who," says I, having had one good look at her now that the fog had left my brain, 'is left in charge of the mission?'

"I am."

"And how far is this town of Liu-ho from here?'

"Sixteen miles."

"And might a Chief Boatswain's Mate of the United States Navy venture to make a social call upon Miss Minerva McAndrews?'

"Certainly," says Minerva, 'although my father thinks Navy men are terrible. But I'll trade 'em for coolies any day. Do come. My father will faint when he learns of it and the staff will be scandalized, but what I say, Mr. Reedy, is: To hell with them.'

"We both shook hands with Minerva. We had to. There was no resisting her. And it's been that way with Minnie ever since.

"Chief Bosun's Mate Reedy," says Monk Bayliss, 'you're black and blue but not very bloody, so put Miss Minerva in a ricksha, climb into one yourself and escort her safely to wherever she's going. The launch from my ship will be here in a jiffy and I'll go aboard before these barbarians come to and tackle me again.'

"So I escorted Minnie up to the Astor House and went back to my ship, and, because she was the only other U. S. ship in the river at the time, Monk Bayliss came over to see me next day.

"Reedy," says Monk, 'you have three



"I'm Miss Minerva McAndrews," says the young lady, "and my father is in charge of the mission at Liu-ho"

That was a fight. Those Russians couldn't box but they could kick, and they did



duties to perform before you're much older. Number one—save your pay and get married, so you'll have somebody to love you and take care of you when you're an old shell-back on the beach. For that dubious duty I nominate Miss Minerva McAndrews, which I would not do if I were not now a married man. I'd marry her myself. Number two—marry that grand girl, because she has good looks, high courage and a broad and humorous mind. Did you mark that the Russian fellow didn't frighten her? She swung on him. Number three—get a barge crew together and ruin that Russian outfit, so you'll win money enough to marry Minerva. How much longer have you got to serve in this river pig?"

"I told him I had three months. 'Good,' says Monk, 'and never let me catch you on the Yang-tse Patrol again. You belong in a battle wagon. Now then, let me tell you about the Russian vessel. European nations do not change their capital ships on the Asiatic Station; every three years they change the crews. The United States changes capital ships and crews every two years. Now that Russian cruiser has been lying up there in the river for twelve years and four crews have come and gone but that barge crew never goes. When one gets too old or crippled or dies, they have another just as good to step into his place. Make no mistake. Those are good men and the Russians have always been a maritime race and they've always produced first-class oarsmen. It's their dish, for some reason or other, and this Russian crew has beaten the barge crews of every nation that has had ships on the Asiatic Station. For twelve long years they've been doing it. I've looked them up. They challenge for a purse of three hundred dollars gold per oar and they take all the side bets their opponents offer. They've made the money, like all Russians they've saved it and so they have it to bet. Never a big cruiser or battle

wagon coming into the Whangpoo can escape them, because it's in the nature of the naval service not to dodge a challenge; it's in the blood of bluejackets to back their own crews. Reedy, the situation is simply hellish and it's got to stop. On the other hand, it's a situation that's been twelve years in the making for you. Those sure-thing champions and their shipmates will bet their last kopek so it's only a question of getting together all the money you can beg, borrow or steal, then get together a crew like we had on the old *Chesapeake*—and live happy ever afterward. You're a grand trainer, a grand judge of oarsmen and the best coxswain that ever cried a beat. Do it. It's an order. Incidentally, I could use a few thousands extra and I want you to make it for me—for old sake's sake."

"We haven't got the men on the Asiatic Station, sir," I warned him. "They've already beaten the best we have."

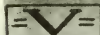
"These Russian pirates have grown fat and careless with victory too long continued. They've grown contemptuous and a bit of age has descended on them, Reedy. They'll not train as well now as they used to. Give them a hard run for the first two miles and you'll get them anxious and excited—and when a Russky gets excited he blows up. You organize and train the crew and I'll plot the course for you. I'll be out here two years longer."

"But, sir, I'd have to go to the Atlantic Fleet to get the men and how do I know that when I re-enlist, I'll be ordered back to the Asiatic Station with my crew?"

"That can be fixed, Reedy. Do you (Continued on page 46)

1919 ★ SAINT

By Philip



Loan for Our Heroes

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

FINAL EDITION

VOL. 44—NO. 253—PART ONE

ST. LOUIS, WEDNESDAY MORNING, MAY 7, 1919.

PRICE TWO CENTS

TREATY TO BE MADE PUBLIC TOMORROW WILL PROVIDE FOR TRIAL OF EX-KAISER \$418,000,000 LOST BY U. S. IN OPERATING RAILROADS

**192,000,000 WAS
DEFICIT FIRST
QUARTER OF 1919**

Marked Reduction of
Freight Traffic Held

George W. Perkins
Says Y. M. C. A. Did
Full War Duty
Workers Brave and Unselfish, He Asserts, Citing
Death of Fourteen.

City at \$4,000,000
a Day Passes 'V' Loan
Mark of \$29,045,000

Average Needed to Put St. Louis Over Quota
Reached as Big Business Concerns
Increase Subscriptions

**ALIBI OFFERED
BY DOCTOR IN
MURDER CASE**

Horace A. Reddish De-
clares He Was in St.
Louis When Father
Was Slain.

**Committees Named
to Arrange Plans
for Legion Meeting**

American Army Association Names Twelve De-
legates to Attend Convention and Will Ask to
Become Affiliated with Overseas Veterans.

**ENVOYS UNITED
ON PUNISHING
WAR'S AUTHOR**

10,000 Word Dispatch
Given Digest of Terms
of Peace Sent Broadcast
Throughout U. S.

Two suspects held
in sheriff's murder
case.

Man who issued ticket
for revolver view
prisoner in east St.

**PAWNBROKER FAILS
TO IDENTIFY HIM**

Man who issued ticket
for revolver view
prisoner in east St.

**BANDITS HOLD UP 6 IN
SALOON AND GET \$40**

Four Armed Men Escape in
Night After Stealing
Money and Diamond

**SENATORS EAGER
TO STUDY PACT**

Treatment of Enemy,
Reparations and Eco-
nomic Conditions In-
terest Officials.

BETWEEN the Atlantic and the Pacific, as if the architect of this continent had placed it so by design, there is a city which is surrounded by the United States.

Nature made St. Louis inevitable when, after she reared the Rocky Mountains and the Appalachians, she scoured out in the vast trough of inland America between them the Mississippi. She made the river a boundary line within a nation, a natural division of the country's halves.

The river was the goal for America's pioneers as they broke through the wilderness, step by step, from the eastern seaboard. It was the fresh starting point for those same pioneers as they pressed onward, still step by step, for the conquest of the Rockies and the Pacific Coast.

After the French founded St. Louis, no later men on the Mississippi could find a better site for a metropolis. The St. Louis of the French explorers became the natural crossing point for eastern men bound west and western men bound east, the center of webs of railways and paved highways. It is now a spot which stands out on the map as the bull's-eye of Mid-America.

It was a St. Louis grown great which sixteen years ago saw the first humble beginnings of The American Legion. Just as it was natural that such a metropolis should arise on the Mississippi, so was it fitting that when The American Legion sprang spontaneously from the hearts of America's veterans of the World War they should select that typical American city as its birthplace.

On May 8th, 9th and 10th of that year 1919 a regiment of young men and more oldish comrades, all wearing the new suits they had bought for the most part with that sixty-dollar discharge bonus, made a rendezvous in a St. Louis theater. Somewhat uncomfortable in their recently-donned high, stiff collars, they resolutely got down to oratory and the passage of resolutions, considered the troubled state of the world and nation

and laid the groundwork for an American Legion which they hoped would become mighty in the years that lay ahead.

Their hopes and dreams had come true impressively when in September of this year 1935 The American Legion came home again to the city of its birth and celebrated the homecoming— assembled in a hall which held 15,000 persons, marched in a parade, almost 100,000 strong, for eight solid hours. The American Legion of May, 1919, was a whisper compared with the Legion of September, 1935—the amplified composite voice of almost one million service men.

Among the scores of thousands of present-day Legionnaires who rolled into St. Louis this last September were many of those pioneers of 1919. They paused for a moment on one of the city's boulevards to read the inscription on a memorial tablet erected on the building in which the Legion was born. Once a theater, that building is now the home of a business corporation. Show windows look out upon the passing crowds where sixteen years ago the pioneers gathered in informal caucuses in the theater lobby.

IT WAS only sixteen years ago. The roll call of that Caucus of 1919 showed only a scattering of delegates from each State. The Legion of 1935 brought to St. Louis 1,207 delegates representing 850,000 members. The organization which was only a hope and a dream in 1919 had exceeded a round million in 1930, the year which marked the beginning of the depression.

There is the temptation to keep on drawing these comparisons between the Legion of the yesterday of sixteen years ago and the Legion of today. But first, there should be told in sketchy

LOUIS ★ 1935

Von Blon

WELCOME LEGIONNAIRES

SPECIAL • LEGION
CONVENTION
ISSUE

ST. LOUIS STAR-TIMES

LATE
HOME
EDITION
**

VOL. 49—NO. 361

ST. LOUIS, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1935

36 PAGES

PRICE THREE CENTS

LEGION CONVENES AS VETS RULE CITY

Gaily Decorated Auditorium Greets Veterans at 'Homecoming' Conclave

NOTABLES ADDRESS VISITORS

While 100,000 to 125,000 Throng St. Louis, 9,000 at Auditorium Get First Session Under Way.

TALKS BY PARK AND DICKMANN

Mme. Sch...
Heink C...
tion...



fashion the most important things the national convention of 1935 accomplished.

IN THAT 1935 St. Louis national convention, The American Legion took these actions:

Elected Ray Murphy of Ida Grove, Iowa, as National Commander, to succeed Frank N. Belgrano, Jr., of California.

Elected as National Vice-Commanders: Dr. W. E. Whitlock, High Springs, Florida; Lou R. Probst, Laramie, Wyoming; Oscar W. Worthwine, Boise, Idaho; Dr. Whitney Godwin, Suffolk, Virginia, and Raymond F. Gates, Willimantic, Connecticut.

Elected as National Chaplain, Reverend Father Thomas D. Kennedy of St. Louis, Missouri.

Selected Cleveland for the 1936 national convention.

Reaffirmed the request for the immediate payment of adjusted service certificates in full, with refund of interest paid and cancellation of interest accrued, approved unreservedly efforts of National Commander Belgrano to bring this result about.

AT A Glorious Homecoming, The American Legion in Seventeenth National Convention Assembled Reviews a Record of High Accomplishment and Plots a Course for Greater Achievement

Recommended that the national defense legislation obtained in 1935 be "retained, consolidated and expanded to its logical and reasonable conclusions."

Called for the speedy enactment of the Universal Service Act.

Directed that Americanism be continued as the major program of The American Legion in 1935-1936.

Reaffirmed urgently its request for the rescinding of the recognition of Soviet Russia.

Indorsed American Legion participation in a Crime Conference in Washington, D. C., as an annual event.

Commended the Neutrality Resolution adopted by Congress and pledged the Legion's support to the maintenance of absolute neutrality by the United States Government.

Approved the United States Government's continued efforts to collect war debts owed to it by European nations.

Outlined a program of aggressive opposition to communistic and other subversive activities.

Directed the appointment of a special committee to investigate the Florida hurricane disaster of September, 1935, and report to the National Executive Committee.

Directed the National Commander to appoint a Committee on Veterans' Employment charged with the duty of carrying out a broad program to insure justice to veterans in all governmental relief activities such as the C. C. C., the W. P. A. and the Veterans Conservation Corps.

Reaffirmed the Legion's support of the Federal Child Labor Amendment.

Approved the dissolution of the Legion Publishing Corporation and its replacement by a division of the national organization subject to the direction and control of the National Executive Committee.

Directed the publication and distribution to all members of a news periodical—*The National Legionnaire*—by the National Publicity Division.

Adopted a large number of resolutions designed to protect the interests of disabled service men and assist in their rehabilitation.

Directed relentless activity to make effective veterans' preference in Federal Civil Service.

Urged preference for United States citizens in employment under government relief agencies.

THOSE are the high spots of the 1935 national convention actions. Later in this article they will be amplified and the other actions of the convention will be covered in some detail. But first, in honor of the homecoming nature of this year's convention, we may again drop back to that caucus of 1919.



The retiring National Commander, Frank N. Belgrano, Jr., of California, greets the new, Ray Murphy of Iowa, immediately following his election, while department identification placards are waved in triumph overhead

That 1910 Caucus of The American Legion in St. Louis was held in an atmosphere of patriotic exaltation. It was a gathering of men just out of uniform, gripped by the power of wartime emotions, flushed with the spirit of victory, seeking new channels for scarcely diminished energy. Representing almost all the divisions freshly returned from overseas and those from the camps at home, coming from every State, they were animated by common purposes and common determinations. It was an intensely nationalistic demonstration—a phenomenon of the sort which was to be witnessed in every country which came through the war, victor or vanquished.

Those forefathers of The American Legion were animated by zeal to deepen the grooves of American character, to make for all time a mould of Americanism into which the nation's citizenship should be poured. They debated lustily, they made a St. Louis theater ring with denunciations of baser national creeds, they viewed with alarm certain stirrings which seemed to threaten a challenge to things as they were, and they proceeded infallibly to lay the structural groundwork for the greatest organization of American war veterans. They declared their purposes in a Preamble which has not been changed in sixteen years and they adopted a Constitution which made The American Legion a model of democracy.

There were many old heads among those delegates to the St. Louis Caucus. They had been seasoned in public affairs before the war, more than a few of them, and some of them were outstanding in public life and industry. There were, however, a scattering of youngsters—boys about to take up afresh the tasks of fitting themselves for vocations and careers which had been interrupted by the war. It is interesting today to



The new National Vice-Commanders: Dr. W. E. Whitlock of Florida, Dr. Whitney Godwin of Virginia, Oscar W. Worthwine of Idaho, Raymond F. Gates of Connecticut, Lou R. Probst of Wyoming



As the National Chaplain delivered the invocation that opened the Seventeenth National Convention in St. Louis's magnificent new Auditorium

study the roll of the delegates of 1910 and note how many of them have added to the laurels which were theirs even in that year and how many others have progressed to achievements of which they were only dreaming then. It was this combination of seasoned maturity and ambitious youth which laid



The retiring National Chaplain, Reverend Park W. Huntington of Delaware, pins his badge of office on the breast of his successor, Reverend Father Thomas D. Kennedy of Missouri

the groundwork for The American Legion in St. Louis sixteen years ago.

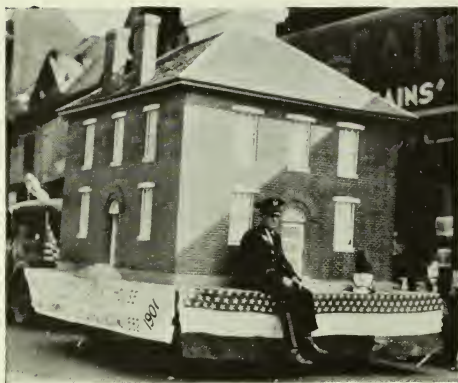
St. Louis and the United States did not realize during their deliberations the full portent of their actions. As conventions go, it was not an overwhelmingly large gathering. The newspapers viewed the Caucus interestedly, made pleasant editorial predictions as to the future of The American Legion but saw no reason to give great space to the deliberations and actions taken. The country was in the midst of the great transformation which came immediately after the war. There was a railroad problem. The Government was about to turn the roads back to their owners. There was a problem in almost every branch of industry. Strikes were threatening. The high cost of living was in every housewife's mind. A great national political battle was in the making. It was nice that the war veterans were organizing, but other things were making the big headlines and claiming the acres of newspaper type on the nation's front pages.

In place of the little group which made no great dent in the consciousness of the Mississippi River metropolis sixteen years ago there came to St. Louis in 1935 an invading friendly army which dominated the entire city for four days.

This Legion of ours returned in 1935 in a homecoming pilgrimage, and staged the largest national convention in its history. In trains and buses, in steamboats and airplanes, in myriads of automobiles, almost 150,000 Legionnaires and Auxiliaries poured into St. Louis



One of the scores of musical units in the Big Parade—the drum corps of Curtis G. Redden Post of Danville, Illinois



Grundy County Courthouse, where John J. Pershing took the examination that sent him to West Point, as reproduced by Trenton (Missouri) Legionnaires. At right, Mary Helen Warren of Cheyenne, Wyoming—General Pershing is just Uncle John to her

in that week in September. With them came crowds of non-Legionnaires by special trains and automobiles, so that on Tuesday, September 24th, the day of the national convention parade, it was estimated a half-million guests were within the city.

Only the Middle West—the country's center—could have produced such a tremendous outpouring of the Legion's hosts. It was the convention not only of St. Louis and Missouri, but

Never greater precision in a Legion parade, never finer bands and drum corps and other uniformed organizations, never prettier girl drum majors. For the first time, The Sons of The American Legion marched in imposing strength, stirring the crowds of spectators to cheers as the boys' drum corps and bands kept pace with their fathers.

Every State sent its host to St. Louis to record in that national convention parade its strength and enthusiasm, and more than a half-million spectators were enthralled by its pageantry and novelty. Not until the thousands of marching men from Missouri, with their many floats, passed the National Commander's reviewing stand at dusk did the spectators leave the dozens of stands in which they had taken seats at 10 o'clock in the morning.

Accustomed to great halls for its meeting places, the Legion found in the St. Louis Municipal Auditorium the largest and finest in which it has ever assembled.

The opening session was held in a vast hall with seats for 11,005 persons on the floor and in the tiers of galleries. On a ninety-foot stage, against wings and backdrop of black, the speaker's platform and the rows of distinguished guests stood out brilliantly under the flood lights. Colorful decorations of the hall and the harmonious lighting system contributed to a magnificence which was in strong contrast to the time-worn theater of that Caucus of sixteen years ago.

The business sessions of Wednesday and Thursday were held in the gorgeously-decorated



Opera House, under the same roof as the auditorium. In this were seats for 5,000 delegates and visitors. Committee meetings were held in halls of the Municipal Auditorium, so that all the affairs of the convention were transacted in a single building. In the same building were restaurants and a vast bar.

There was a longer bar, in fact, a 900-foot bar, in the grounds of the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Company where open house was held for Legionnaires, with free beer.



in the role of hosts also it seemed were such States as Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Ohio and Nebraska. The Chicago national convention of 1933, when a tremendous Legion crowd flocked to see the World's Fair and hear President Roosevelt as well as to sit in a convention hall and watch a parade, set a high water mark for national convention attendance. The convention crowd in St. Louis was as large as the crowd which filled Chicago.

St. Louis gave to its visitors an unrivaled stage for such a celebration. There were broad, new boulevards upon which the merry-making crowds promenaded day and night from Monday until Thursday. There was the city's recently-finished Memorial Plaza dominated by the \$5,000,000 Municipal Auditorium, in which all the sessions of the convention were held, and flanked by other imposing public buildings.

The national convention parade passed before reviewing stands which had been erected on the Memorial Plaza surrounding the Municipal Auditorium, and National Commander Belgrano stood for eight solid hours in a stand which held a host of distinguished guests, including the Legionnaire Governors of eight States, while the parade flowed by with scarcely a pause.



The tall corn of Iowa waved as it has waved at every National Convention



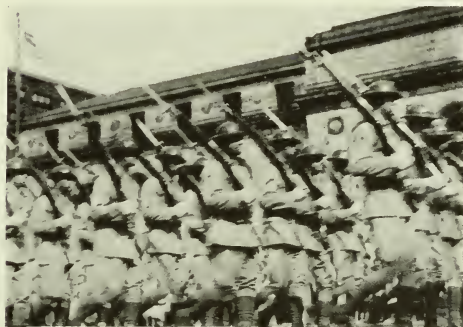
The drum and bugle corps of the Sons of The American Legion Squadron of Murphysboro, Illinois. There has never been a sonnier convention

vice for Vilas H. Whaley. Dan Sowers, former director of the National Americanism Commission, nominated Mr. Rash, and the nominating speech for Mr. Devine was given by John L. Sullivan of New Hampshire.

On the first ballot, Ray Murphy lacked thirty-eight votes of the necessary majority. The tally showed: Murphy, 566; Colmery, 414; Cliff, 99; Whaley, 49; Devine, 49; Rash 22. There were 1207 delegates to the convention and a majority required 604.

Before the second ballot was taken, Mr. Devine announced his withdrawal, remarking in good spirit that apparently the

THE election of Ray Murphy of Ida Grove, Iowa, as National Commander came on the final afternoon of the convention, in a spirited contest which saw the nomination of five other candidates. The campaigning on behalf of these six and other candidates had proceeded vigorously from the moment delegates began assembling in St. Louis before the convention opened, and when National Commander Belgrano announced that the hour was at hand for voting the convention buzzed with interest. Campaign managers were still circulating among state delegations, and these delegations in many sections of the auditorium were still conducting canvasses to make certain the way in



And, as usual, the Regulars (this time from Jefferson Barracks), to show any Legionnaires who have forgotten how to march



Something different in the always vivid Forty and Eight parade — the almost floatable float of Clinton Post of Waterman, Illinois. At right, Fred M. Fuecker of Seattle, Washington, new Chef de Chemin de Fer of the organization

convention was not going to make its selection on good looks.

An interesting flurry came on the first ballot when a Texas delegate challenged the vote of his Department, which had been cast solidly for Colmery. In conformity with the rules, National Commander Belgrano directed that the Texas delegation be polled individually. When this was done, the State cast twenty votes for Colmery and nine for Murphy. During the poll there was much excitement on the convention floor, and the final result was awaited with deep interest.

Mr. Murphy's election came on the second ballot, in a dramatic manner. The roll call had proceeded with Murphy attracting fresh strength from some of the New England Departments which had voted for Devine on the first ballot. It was not until after Wyoming cast seven of its nine votes for Murphy, that his election

was assured. As Wyoming cast its vote, Vilas H. Whaley arose and announced that Wisconsin's thirty-three votes, which only a moment before had been cast for himself, were changed in favor of Ray Murphy. This action gave the following totals for the second ballot: Murphy, 632; Colmery, 455; Cliff, 84; Rash, 20; Whaley, 7.

It was apparent that Mr. Murphy had twenty-eight more votes than the necessary majority when Mr. Whaley stood up and moved that the election of Mr. Murphy be made unanimous. This motion

which they should vote. All the candidates had appeared before caucuses of the delegations in hotel rooms.

The five men nominated besides Ray Murphy were Harry W. Colmery of Topeka, Kansas; Vilas H. Whaley of Racine, Wisconsin; Earl V. (Pat) Cliff of Ortonville, Minnesota; Frank Rash of Louisville, Kentucky, and Maurice F. Devine of Manchester, New Hampshire. Mr. Murphy was nominated by Robert Colflesh, Past Commander of the Iowa Department. Mr. Colmery was nominated by J. Ernest Isherwood, Past Commander of the Pennsylvania Department. Gerald Barron, National Executive Committeeman for Minnesota, nominated Mr. Cliff, and Richard Evans of Wisconsin performed the same ser-





Drums, drums, drums—these are from McLean County, Illinois. Below, the massed flags of Indiana passing the Auditorium



Before the parade started—the drum and bugle corps of Andrews Post of Portland, Maine, rests on its oars, so to speak

was seconded by Mr. Cliff and the convention adopted it with a roar, as members of all the delegations fell in behind their department standards for a parade to the platform. While photographers' lamps flashed and cameras clicked, the new National Commander took the rostrum, as the placards of all the States were grouped behind him by the delegates who held them. Mr. Murphy immediately spoke.

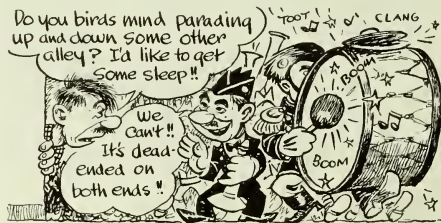
"My comrades of The American Legion," he said, "in view of what has just taken place on this floor, in view of what has been going on during the past week in the various campaign headquarters, in view of the diversity of opinion in this convention, I am sure that my comrades will have pardoned me by this time for not having ready a fine acceptance speech.

"On Missouri soil in 1921 at the Kansas City convention, Iowa offered to The American Legion its greatest Legionnaire, Jack MacNider. Now again, on Missouri soil, it is my tremendous responsibility to follow his leadership and the leadership of the great Commanders who have preceded me.

"I know the tremendous responsibility that is mine. If you men like your daily work, as I know you do; if you love your native State, and I am sure you do; if you love your home, your family and your close friends, and I know you do, then you will know that I accept this great responsibility with feel-

ings that are not altogether unmixed. But, on the other hand, I hope that I may continue to lead this Legion along the right path, along the path which you have chosen for me. I want to pledge to you without reservation, without mental or moral equivocation, that I am a free man to do for this Legion that which I think according to my best judgment and conscience ought to be done; that no man controls me; that I am not committed to any person or any particular cause except the cause of The American Legion.

"I cannot chart the course for this organization. That is in your hands, and to you, my comrades, leaders of your Departments, I want to express the hope that we go forth from this convention friends as always, determined to carry on the work

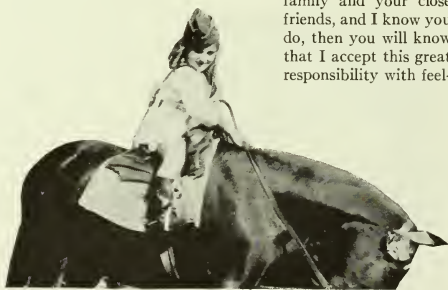


of The American Legion, to make it stronger and finer and better from now on."

The National Vice-Commanders elected were: Lou R. Probst, Laramie, Wyoming; Oscar W. Worthwine, Boise, Idaho; Dr. Whitney Godwin, Suffolk, Virginia; Dr. W. E. Whitlock, High Springs, Florida, and Raymond F. Gates, Willimantic, Connecticut. Others nominated for this office were Leonard Sisk of Tennessee, James R. Mahaffey of Hawaii, James R. Turner of South Carolina and John F. McNulty of Maryland.

The Reverend Father Thomas D. Kennedy of St. Louis, Missouri, was unanimously elected National Chaplain. He is the pastor of St. Philip Neri Roman Catholic Church and was chaplain of the Thirty-fifth Division during the World War.

THE convention adopted a ringing resolution reaffirming The American Legion's request for the immediate payment



Four-year-old Dawn Porter, mascot of Antler Post of Detroit. She has attended every convention since before she could remember



of adjusted compensation certificates and approving unreservedly the efforts of National Commander Frank N. Belgrano, Jr., to bring this about in the year just ended. The resolution was presented by Vilas H. Whaley of Wisconsin, chairman of the National Legislative Committee in 1935, and was adopted without a dissenting voice when it was presented to the convention, although during the discussion of it Representative Wright Patman of Texas became the center of a stormy scene when he took the floor to make a statement of his position on bonus legislation. The resolution adopted was as follows:

"Be it resolved that:

"1. We request immediate payment of the Adjusted Service Certificates at face value, with cancellation of accrued interest on loans, and refund of interest paid, and do hereby reaffirm the Miami convention resolution on this subject.

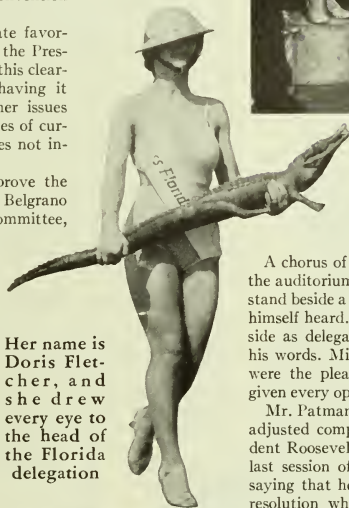
"2. We request the immediate favorable action of the Congress, and the President of the United States, upon this clear-cut and single issue, without having it complicated or confused by other issues of government finance, or theories of currency with which the Legion does not intend to become involved.

"3. We hereby ratify and approve the efforts of National Commander Belgrano and the National Legislative Committee, on behalf of the Legion's bill at the last session of Congress."

The reading of this resolution was followed by applause and cheers in which practically all delegations joined. As the cheering and handclapping died away, National Vice-Commander Milo Warner, who had just taken the gavel from National Commander Belgrano, pounded for order and said:

"The Chair recognizes Mr. Patman from Texas."

Her name is Doris Fletcher, and she drew every eye to the head of the Florida delegation



Some of the living sights of the Streets of Paris in the basement of the Auditorium. Holding the cane is Al. J. Haemerle, Vice-President of the Convention's Executive Committee

A chorus of boos greeted this announcement, and the noise in the auditorium became so great that Mr. Patman, as he took his stand beside a microphone in an aisle, was at first unable to make himself heard. Repeatedly he had to stop for the clamor to subside as delegates voiced with derision their disagreement with his words. Mingled with the shouts of those who opposed him were the pleas of delegates demanding that in fairness he be given every opportunity to speak.

Mr. Patman, author of the inflationary bill for the payment of adjusted compensation certificates which was vetoed by President Roosevelt after it had passed the House and Senate at the last session of Congress, began his remarks from the floor by saying that he was very much in favor of the first part of the resolution which the committee had presented. He made this further statement:

"I have no objection to the other part except it specifies a method of payment, something that many of us did not want to do in any legislation. We want the method of payment left to Congress entirely. Let them pay in bonds, let them pay in currency."

Amid the uproar, Congressman Patman went on:

"I have favored a certain method of payment because it was easiest to sell the country on that issue, but I say to you now and have said to you all along that I have no pride of authorship in the measure. There has been some misunderstanding about my position. I want you to know that I am for the great American Legion first, last and all the time."

He concluded with the declaration:

"This time, whether it is our bill or any other bill, makes no difference. We want full (Continued on page 57)



THEIR BIG

THREE CHEERS FOR THE MAJOR!

\$100 Prize

WITH eight years under my belt in the armed forces of Uncle Sam, I received my biggest thrill when I attended the annual reunion of the 317th Field Signal Battalion in Boston at Young's Hotel. As the clock struck the hour of ten, I saw our former top kick arise and beckon. Fifteen of us followed him to the door of a telephone booth and I saw one after another step to the telephone and heard each say just a word of good cheer to a man lying in a hospital in far away California, stricken with a critical illness and heroically fighting it.

As each of the buddies took the 'phone he pronounced his own name distinctly and then delivered a short message of affection and remembrance. Then all together joined in "Three cheers for Major Murphy!" the sick man 3000 miles away, and finally the major gave Sergeant Horn at our end one message for all of us. Our messages and the big cheer, he said, had touched his very soul and had given strength to his spirit.—NATHANIEL A. JASLOW, Brooklyn, New York.



THE first instalment of prize-winning Big Moment stories, announcement regarding which was made in the September issue, is printed herewith. Another instalment will

THE SAVING TOURNIQUET

\$50 Prize

ON OCTOBER 11, 1925, while employed as a brakeman we left Chicago with Naperville as our first stop. While getting off the lower step of the engine cab, my legs struck a switch stand with enough force to throw me under the train. While the wheels passed over my limbs my whole life flashed before me like a motion picture recalling various incidents from the time I was about six years old. My body was parallel to the rail and one of the journal boxes struck my head, almost knocking me out. Upon raising my head another journal box struck it and cleared it.

The train had come to a stop and as I sat up I realized that my left leg was completely severed, the overalls just holding it together. The blood was gushing out like water from a faucet. Face and head were covered with blood. Was I equal to the task? My thoughts were of my wife and five weeks' old daughter. With the aid of that unseen power which people pray for, I tied a tourniquet just above the knee. Good luck in getting medical attention, although both legs had to be amputated. Had a re-amputation at Hines last fall. Is life still worth living with two wooden legs? YES. I support my family and still work for the Burlington, but as a rate clerk. My wife, daughter and I are all of the Legion—all for one and one for all; just one happy family.—W. E. KARVATT, Downers Grove, Illinois.

SAVED—WITH NO TIME TO SPARE

\$50 Prize

DURING the 78th Division operations at Grand Pré I was a runner on detached service from Co. M, 312th Infantry, and connected to Battalion Headquarters under Major Butler. One day my C. O., Lieut. French, called me hurriedly into Major Butler's headquarters, who quickly informed me of an important message to be carried to Captain Keating, Co. K. Major Butler informed me he could not take time to write this message because time was too short and consequently he told me to rush to Captain Keating, informing him of a late change in the barrage which was to be laid down for him. It so happened that I had eleven minutes to reach Captain Keating, and if I failed, the barrage through the change just made would fall on our men.

I hurriedly left Battalion Headquarters and instead of taking my usual route to the citadel where Keating was located, in some manner (possibly my excitement about the eleven

From the hotel in Boston where they were holding their reunion each man said a word of good cheer into the telephone to the

MOMENTS

appear in the December issue. Rules governing the contest, in which five hundred dollars a month is awarded, are given at the conclusion of this month's instalment.

minutes) I took the lower road by mistake and suddenly found myself at the rear of this high citadel. I could not retrace my steps because of lack of time so I proceeded to make the climb up the steep embankment which had very little growth of any nature to grasp hold of. I was scared stiff and the perspiration poured off me as I often slipped backward, but somehow I managed to top the wall built across the top, and so I hurriedly located Captain Keating, whom I found in a hole with a machine gun operating on each side of him. He was just saying to his men, "All ready, boys," when I leaped into the hole and gave him the necessary instructions, which of course saved him and his men from getting caught in their own barrage. My time from Battalion Headquarters to Captain Keating was exactly eleven minutes.

The major never knew I got lost on my way.—E. R. WELSHOF, *Jamestown, New York.*

THE TRAP THAT FAILED

\$25 Prize

WHILE proceeding to Suchan mines via the Trans-Siberian railway the train with us of Company D, 31st Infantry aboard was subjected to harassing rifle fire from two high points on opposite sides of the roadbed. Directly between these points a trestle some three hundred feet in length spanned a deep, dry gorge.

The train halted, and on investigation it was disclosed that the pilings of the trestle had been cut and any working party attempting repair would be exposed to deadly cross fire from the points above. From our side of the gorge it was impossible to take those points without heavy losses due to lack of cover of any kind. From the other side our machine gun and automatic rifle squads could rake the enemy positions. The engine and two cars were cut loose from the train. Into these cars went our machine gun section and automatic rifle squads. Our Russian engine crew quit us cold, so a buck named Catherman and Sergeant Costello took over the cab. Bullets whistled and sang all around us as we roared out on that trestle.

Sergeant Costello managed to tie the whistle chain down, Catherman held the throttle full back with one hand and the sand dome wide open with the other. The rest of us shut our eyes and prayed. We shot across and onto solid footing. Behind us the tracks swayed, buckled and slowly let go. But we were over, and safe. —BERT R. FERRIS, *Chappell, Nebraska.*

officer dangerously ill in the California hospital. Then all together they called out, "Three cheers for Major Murphy!"

DEAD OR ALIVE?

\$25 Prize

IT WAS pitch dark when I woke up and my side was hurting to beat the band. I tried to sit up and my face struck against something hard. I reached out with my right hand and it struck something hard, like a wall. I kicked out with my right foot (my whole left side was useless) and it hit against that wall. I kicked upward and it hit a wall. I tried to get up again and I couldn't. I was in a box.

By that time my mind was clear and I was sure they had buried me alive. I became desperate and I tried to get up again but it was no use. I hit against that wall every time.

I can't begin to tell how I felt. I was crazy with fear. I had heard and read about people being buried alive and the thing had always worried me. My side wasn't hurting me any more, that was nothing compared to being buried alive and I was sure they had buried me.

Then with one desperate attempt to escape, I rolled over on to my crippled side to get my back against the top of that box and



break through, when my hand struck something soft and I heard a groan.

It all came to me in a flash. I wasn't buried alive; I was in an ambulance headed for a hospital.

Believe me, boys, that *was* a big moment.—A. J. MACKIE, *Belhaven, North Carolina.*

AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS

\$25 Prize

THRILLS don't all occur to men, or in wartime.

A girl of twenty-two, I had a twenty-month-old son and a wee baby daughter five weeks old. It was my first day without any help. My husband had gone off to work. I had bathed and nursed my baby and left her to sleep in her crib upstairs, and still rather weak and tired, I went downstairs and wearily began to pick up the breakfast dishes, while my little son played on the floor nearby.

Suddenly, missing him, and stabbed with a sense of disaster, overwhelming and terrifying, I dashed upstairs without even drying the dish water from my hands, to look for him and to see that no harm came to the new baby. Sure enough, sonny boy was bringing little sister downstairs. Already the front wheels of the crib were on the top step, as he stood braced, his fat baby hands and sturdy little body holding back the crib, as he stumblingly, baby-fashion, began to feel his way backwards downstairs. One minute more, and both babies would have lain crippled or fatally injured at the foot of the steep old stairway. Was it God who sent me hurrying to their aid? Are little lives saved "big moments" as well as big lives saved in wartime? I think so.—MRS. WESLEY MOULTON, *Mitchell, South Dakota.*

SAVED—ONE LIFE

\$25 Prize

IT HAPPENED in the Argonne Woods. An American doughboy was thrown against a stone wall by a shell blast. His leg was broken and he was unconscious for several hours. Gas came over. When he became conscious he was barely able to crawl to a shallow dugout for protection from the shells that were still shrieking overhead and exploding in his vicinity.

A French military automobile stopped near his dugout. An exploding shell left it a mass of wreckage. The occupant, a French major, lay on the ground with one arm completely severed from his body, bleeding to death. The doughboy painfully and laboriously crawled out to his assistance, dragged the officer into his dugout and gave him first aid, letting his own wounds go unattended. Later when the stretcher bearers came the doughboy instructed them to take the officer first, while he waited hours for their return to take him to a dressing station, although the laws of the Army permit the first wounded to receive first treatment.

The French officer, a son of General Pétain, recovered and several weeks later pinned with his one hand the French Croix de Guerre upon the breast of the American doughboy, the writer of this article.—WILLIAM E. SWITZER, *Halstead, Kansas.*

*Illustrations
by
Frank Street*



"He was just saying to his men, 'All ready, boys!' when I leaped into the hole and gave him the instructions"

NO PLACE FOR A NERVOUS MAN

\$10 Prize

ABIG moment isn't always joyous. I saw and learned that in France, where your life wasn't worth much after you went over the top.

Take Private Hewins for instance. I ordered him to advance and immediately a shell tore his leg away. With shrapnel whining all around him, groaning, with his blood ebbing fast, Private Westling and myself took just another one of those chances and succeeded in dragging him into our shell hole. A tourniquet had to be made with cord from our gas masks; from our grenade sacks we cut the straps and tied them across our rifles for an improvised stretcher.

We started back in short rushes with shells bursting all about us. The enemy artillery whanged one in close and Westling fell with a piece of shell casing sticking out from his chest. I ordered him to the dressing station and never saw him again. Dragging Hewins into a shell hole quickly, my eyes popped as a shell came crazily swishing along the ground, right at us and careened sideways. Luckily it was a dud.

Picking up the unconscious Hewins, I half carried and dragged him through the main street of Dampvitoux only to be cursed by soldiers laying communication wires. They dived into cellars as the shells whizzed in after us. At the dressing station the ambulance driver said "That boy's dead," but in spite of this, Hewins grunted. It was my big moment. The Armistice came the next day.—JOSEPH F. ANSELMINI, *Long Island City, New York.*

A CORPORAL IN CHARGE

\$10 Prize

"I HOPE she does get hit and every damn one of you drowned," cried a young Wisconsin lad pestered by his comrades so he could not sleep. They were his last words, for shortly after this the *Moltavia* was hit.

The next thing I knew there was a crash and I was thrown from my hammock—stunned, scared and rattled. I could not find my clothes. I knew I should do something and do it quick but I was lost and dared not move.

Then I heard some one giving orders in a tone of voice I had often used with frightened colts—a corporal had taken charge, one that knew what to do and was doing it. The stairs were gone but a table had been placed under the hole in the deck above and there he stood helping everyone in turn with a firm "Steady boys—take it easy—one at a time." My turn came at last. The water had reached my knees, the table had broken down, but the corporal was still there and with a scramble and boost I was soon out of that death trap and ready to take my place in the boats.

The corporal stayed as long as anyone came and at last was helped up by some of the boys above.

The Wisconsin boy had his wish, all were lost that did not find our corporal.—FRED J. BROOKS, *W'allalla, North Dakota*.

THE OPERATION THAT SUCCEEDED

\$10 Prize

I HAD thought that my big moment was when the news came of the Armistice ending the World War, and months later when I was discharged from the Army. Also a few days later when I married the girl that waited for me. But then I came home from the veterans hospital a year ago, to find my wife in a very serious condition, her system poisoned by a kidney complication which caused total blindness, her face and body swollen to twice normal size, an operation necessary to deliver her seven-months' baby. A bunch of doctors told me that five out of six in her condition fail to recover, and that if she did recover she would never see again. Hours and days of waiting with our three little boys for we knew not what, and then, thank God, she opened her eyes and could see us. We brought her home from the hospital and she got well again. That was my big moment.—J. MARVIN CALDWELL, *Chillicothe, Illinois*.

THOSE STATISTICS

\$10 Prize

ABOUT the twentieth of October, 1918, at Ames Hospital Center, A. E. F., all of the officers of the fourteen base hospitals were ordered to headquarters.

A brigadier general from the First Army was there to give us some instructions. Speaking as nonchalantly as if he were describing some surgical operation he told us the end of the war was near. "Day after tomorrow we start a drive that will not stop until the enemy is conquered. On that day we will throw into battle on all fronts a certain number of men. A specified number of men will be killed that day and a certain number [I forget the figures but he named them all] will be wounded. The drive will continue until the men are used up and

"While getting off the cab, my legs struck a switch stand with enough force to throw me under the train"

immediately replaced with fresh ones. Three days after the drive starts you will receive one thousand wounded men and each day thereafter you will receive another thousand until the war is ended." That is exactly what happened. On November 13th every ward, nurses' quarters, Red Cross hut, and available place was full to twice our regular capacity.

My big moment was the realization of the horrid necessity of deliberately sending men to their doom when they knew the number to be sacrificed.—FRED CALLAWAY, M. D., *Marysville, Ohio*.

P.S. Any legislator or high official knowing the above to be true who does not support the Universal Draft Bill should be subject to official condemnation by The American Legion.—F. C.

AT THE MINE FIELD

\$10 Prize

WHAT was to me the biggest moment of the war happened early in the spring of 1918. I was at that time on board the U.S.S.C. 280, doing patrol duty five miles off the Pacific Coast east of the Panama Canal. We were cruising along at the extreme north limit of our assigned route, when we sighted a large steamer headed directly toward the opening of the breakwater. There was a large mine field which extended out to the edge of our patrol limits, and this steamer was heading directly into it. We started toward her, flying the international signals for her to heave to. Instead of stopping she went on. Then the skipper directed a shot be fired across her bow. The steamer hove to at once, almost two miles from us. She was right on the edge of the mine field then. When we got up to the ship (Continued on page 38)



WOMAN'S WORK

NEARLY a Half Million Strong, The American Legion Auxiliary Again Moves Forward Toward Its Objectives of Loyalty and Service

*By
John J. Noll*

"WELCOME HOME" read every official banner suspended among the colorful decorations in the streets of St. Louis when that city late in September played host to The American Legion and The American Legion Auxiliary. While that greeting held special significance for the Legion due to the fact that its first caucus was held there in May, 1919, it also had meaning for the women of the Auxiliary, because in that same State of Missouri, in Kansas City, the Auxiliary was officially born in 1921.

During the fourteen-year period that had elapsed, the membership of the Auxiliary had grown from 131,000 women to more than 400,000; the number of units from 3,653 to 8,600. In the same proportion, the splendid accomplishments of this largest of women's patriotic organizations had continued to increase. The work that these women began when their men first went forth to fight for their country will never be completed until the last of them is no more.

The colorful pageantry, the music and flags and flowers of a national convention of the Auxiliary would give to a casual visitor at an opening session small indication of the great program that these women are carrying forward from year to year, of the care with which the delegates consider problems that are placed before them, of the untiring work that is done every day between these annual meetings.

The initial session of the Fifteenth Annual Conven-



The new National President, Mrs. Melville Mucklestone of Illinois, acknowledges the greetings of the Legion after being presented by the retiring National President, Mrs. Albin Charles Carlson. At left, Mrs. Mucklestone immediately after her election



tion of the Auxiliary opened in Moolah Temple with an impressive processional of the national officers who were escorted to the platform by official pages, representing each of the fifty-two Departments, bearing the national colors and Department banners of their respective States and territorial Departments. Music was furnished by the official drum and bugle corps of National President Mrs. Albin Charles Carlson—the championship corps of Crookston Unit of her own Department of Minnesota.

Following the call to order by Mrs. Carlson, the assembly joined in the pledge to the flag, led by Mrs. Benjamin F. Adams, Americanism chairman. The National Chaplain, Mrs. J. J. Doyle, gave the invocation, which was followed by the singing of the National Anthem. Governor Guy B. Park and Mayor Bernard F. Dickmann extended greetings from the host State and city and welcoming speeches were made by Clifford W. Gaylord, President of the St.

is NEVER DONE

Louis Convention Corporation, by Department Commander William A. Kitchen and Department President Mrs. C. W. Drakesmith of Missouri.

Mrs. Clark Hudson, National Chairman of the Auxiliary Convention, through whose splendid direction the huge task of preparing for the meeting was so successfully completed, introduced the St. Louis Auxiliary women who had worked with her.

While Mrs. Agnes W. Smith, Vice-President of the Northwestern Division occupied the chair, the National President presented her report to the convention. Her address, summarized the accomplishments of her year of service, stressing the success of the Auxiliary's program of child welfare, rehabilitation, Americanism and national defense. In connection with the latter subject, Mrs. Carlson said: "Our concern for security from future wars has been heightened by our constant contact with the victims of the last war—the disabled veterans, their families and the families of the dead. Every day, Auxiliary women visiting hospitals and homes see the bitter human cost of war as it is being paid by these unfortunates. This year we have carried on the program for the welfare of the disabled, the widows and fatherless children, so well developed in previous years, improving and expanding it to meet the current needs."

The reports of the National Secretary, Mrs. Gwendolyn Wiggins MacDowell, and of the National Treasurer, Mrs. Cecilia Wenz, were presented and accepted. They recorded the advance made by the organization and its sound financial condition.

An interesting presentation was made by Mrs. Joseph H. Thompson, American Vice-President for the Fidac Auxiliary,

after her introduction to the convention by Mrs. Myron Miller of Kansas, Vice-President for the Central Division, who occupied the chair. After reporting the work of the international organization of patriotic women of the Allied countries, she bestowed a medal upon Mrs. Adalin Wright Macauley, Past National President and former International President of the Fidac Auxiliary, on behalf of the latter organization, for outstanding efforts in promoting international friendship and understanding.

Mrs. Lowell F. Hobart, who was elected National President at the first convention of the Auxiliary in 1921, made a brief talk, following which each of the Past National Presidents was introduced by Mrs. Carlson and extended her greetings to the delegates and visitors. The National Historian, Mrs. O. W. Hahn, in her report announced the completion of a history of the Auxiliary covering a ten-year period since publication of an earlier history, and this book has now been made available.

In bringing the greetings of the Legion, National Commander Frank N. Belgrano, Jr., extended praise to the Auxiliary and to its National President for the whole-hearted support that had been given to the Legion in its program during the year. Additional speeches were made by the National Chaplain, Reverend Park W. Huntington, and National Adjutant Frank E. Samuel.

Reports of the Committee on Permanent Organization, submitted by its chairman, Mrs. Harry Thomas, the Committee on Credentials, accrediting 732 delegates to the convention, presented by Mrs. T. K. Rinaker, and of the Rules Committee of which Mrs. Carrie T. Baade was chairman, were adopted.



A view of the platform of the Auxiliary National Convention while Mayor Bernard Dickmann of St. Louis extends the greetings of the host city. Past and present national officers occupy places of honor



The new divisional National Vice Presidents: Mrs. J. B. Dunn, Central; Mrs. Whit Y. MacHugh, Eastern; Mrs. Frank H. Carpenter, Southern; Mrs. James E. Paulson, Northwestern, and Mrs. John Wayne Chapman, Western

Numerous patriotic organizations extended their good wishes to the convention through their officers and many telegrams of greetings were read by the National Secretary.

With so much serious business at hand, there would seem to have been little time for social affairs, but these women of the Auxiliary somehow managed to engage in both. At noon on Sunday, the day before the convention began, Mrs. Joseph H. Thompson presided over the Fidac Breakfast. That evening was held the Past Presidents' Parley Supper of which Mrs. Eliza London Shepard, Past National President, was chairman. The reception to the National President, Mrs. Carlson, later that evening, brought scores of Legionnaires and Auxiliaries to pay their respects to her and to national officers, past and present. The Department Secretaries Dinner was held that same evening with Mrs. C. R. Anderson, Department Secretary of Missouri, as chairman. On Monday afternoon, the Gold Star Tea was held. Early on Tuesday, parade day, Mrs. Lowell Fletcher Hobart presided over the Aloha Breakfast.

The Music Contest, under the direction of Mrs. William Horsfall, chairman of the National Music Committee, took quite a number of visitors and some of the delegates from the opening session. The number of trios, quartets and glee clubs was greater than in any previous year and competition was so keen that the judges had difficulty in making their decisions. The trio of the Downers Grove, Illinois, Unit, placed first, with those from Greenville, Ohio, and Hot Springs, Arkansas, second and third, respectively. First place in the quartet contest went to the Unit of Keyser, West Virginia, Post, with that of Toledo, Ohio, second, and Hosston, Louisiana, third. In the glee club contest, first honors were carried off by

the Vincennes, Indiana, Unit, that of Fergus Falls, Minnesota, being second and Lima, Ohio, third. The sextet from the Fort Wayne, Indiana, Unit, was the only entry in this event.

An impressive memorial service to the late Dr. Helen Hughes Hielscher of Mankato, Minnesota, who presided at the organizing convention of the Auxiliary in Kansas City, Missouri, in 1921, opened the second session of the convention. Past National President Mrs. Adalin Wright Macauley of Wisconsin made the memorial address, while the glee club of the Fergus Falls, Minnesota, Unit, provided appropriate music.

Mrs. Benjamin F. Adams, chairman of the Americanism Committee, presented her report, which was accepted. The better citizenship and counter-radical activities will be continued as the result of resolutions which were approved.



A colorful and tuneful note was added to the Legion parade by the official drum and bugle corps of the Auxiliary units of Indianapolis

The resolutions recommended by the committee, which were approved, included one opposing the appointment of any teacher who is a member of the Third International; another urging a vigorous fight against Communism, Fascism and all other "un-Americanisms;" reiteration of the Auxiliary's stand in support of the constitution of the United States, with its guarantees of free speech, a free press and justice to all, and a commendation for the United States Supreme Court for its recent decision upholding the constitution.

From time to time during the three sessions, the National Vice-Presidents, including Mrs. Thomas G. Gammie, Southern Division, Mrs. Jonathan E. Wheatley, Eastern Division, and Mrs. Charles V. K. Saxton, Western Division, were called upon by the National President to preside over the convention.

In the report of the Membership Committee, presented by Mrs. Florence Snodgrass, it was recommended that a two percent increase in quotas for membership be assigned each Department for the coming year. A substantial increase in members over 1934 was reported. The increased quota recommendation was adopted in the form of a resolution. Winners of the national poppy poster contest were announced as follows in the report

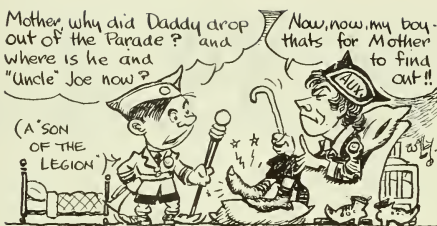


of the Poppy Committee presented by Mrs. Whit Y. MacHugh: Grade school class: 1st, Dorothy A. Bogue, Marion, Indiana, 2d, Helen Krumpelbeck, Cincinnati, Ohio; High school class: 1st, Julian Wagner, Amsterdam, New York, 2d, Sinclair Locke, Needham, Massachusetts.

While committee meetings and other duties may at times take some of the delegates from the convention floor, one can be assured that every seat in the hall will be occupied when nominations for national officers are in order, and when, on the following day, according to Auxiliary procedure, the election is held. On the roll call, Alabama yielded to Oklahoma and Mrs. Jennie Stewart, Past Department President of that State, placed in nomination for National President, Mrs. Thomas G. Gammie of Ponca City, Oklahoma, who had served during the past year as National Vice-President for the Southern Division.

Alaska yielded to Illinois. Mrs. Melville Muckelstone of Chicago was placed in nomination by Mrs. T. K. Kinaker, Past President of her Department. As the roll call proceeded, Florida and Maine seconded the nomination of Mrs. Gammie, while Indiana and New York seconded that of Mrs. Muckelstone.

On the night of the first session, each of the five Divisions of the national organization selected, in caucuses, its nominee for National Vice-President. Nomination of these women is equivalent to election, as during the election on the final day, the entire ballot of the convention is cast for them. The National Vice-Presidents nominated were: Mrs. James E. Paulson of Summit, South Dakota, Northwestern Division; Mrs. Frank H. Carpenter, Sour Lake, Texas, Southern Division; Mrs. John Wayne Chapman, Santa Fe, New Mexico, Western Division; Mrs. J. B. Dunn, Bad Axe, Michigan, Central Division, and Mrs. Whit Y.



MacHugh, Afton, New York, Eastern Division.

Mrs. Joseph H. Thompson of Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania, who assisted in the organization of the Fidac Auxiliary in Rome in 1925, and who had served as American Vice-President of the organization during 1935, was nominated for reelection by Past National President, Mrs. William H. Biester, Jr. The Department of New

Jersey seconded the nomination. There was no opposing candidate for the office.

Only one amendment was offered for consideration in the report of Miss Maud McLure Kelly, Chairman of the National Committee on Constitution and By-Laws. This amendment to the National By-Laws which changed the term of office of the National Finance Committee to the period from November 1st to October 31st was adopted on second reading during the final day's session.

Mrs. A. H. Hoffman, Chairman of the National Finance Committee, reported to the convention that the finances of the Auxiliary were in excellent condition. Investments were sound, the budget which had been adopted had been faithfully adhered to, expenditures of the National Headquarters were handled efficiently, practically all Departments had met fully their contributions to the national Rehabilitation and Child Welfare funds and half of the Departments had contributed to the fund for carrying on the National Defense program. Special tribute was paid by Mrs. Hoffman to Past National President Mrs. S. Alford Blackburn and Mrs. Katherine Bartling of her committee, for their aid.

The convention accepted and approved fully the report of the National Defense Committee which was read by its chairman, Mrs. Calvin D. Winne. Thirty (Continued on page 55)



Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink, distinguished and beloved singer, with Mrs. Frank N. Belgrano, Jr., wife of the retiring National Commander, receives the championship Auxiliary quartet of Keyser, West Virginia, Unit. Nick Barth of their Department made the presentation

WATCH *the whites*

WE'RE playing a team we ought to beat thirty points but we can't move and we don't know what's the matter.

When we try to buck the line the defensive backs close in and our fullback is stopped in his tracks. When we try to run off tackle the defensive end dumps our interferers and the halfbacks come up as if there wasn't such a thing in the world as a forward pass.

Aha! We'll cross 'em. We'll call a pass down the middle alley.

This time the end, who has smashed on the previous play, fades back to cover the flat zone. A guard drops out of the line to cover the short middle zone and the backs who had

Lou Little, master strategist who is football coach at Columbia University, in his uniform as a captain in the A. E. F.



A breach at the center of Cornell's line and a plunging Pennsylvania back goes over for a touchdown. To find a potential weakness like that is the scout's job, to exploit it is the coach's and the quarterback's

come up like cyclones on the previous play, hold their ground. As a result our pass-receivers are covered as if they were in bed. Our passer, seeing no one open, holds the ball too long and is dumped for a ten-yard loss.

We finally win, by the grace of heaven, when our quarterback catches a punt and runs sixty yards for a touchdown. This saves our skin, but, needless to say, fails to satisfy us.

We can't figure out what stopped our offense. Our boys carried out their assignments as well as anyone could expect. They blotted out ends and tackles and they opened holes in the line. But extra defensive men always were there to reinforce a threatened point, men who had no business in the picture. Apparently they were guided by a sixth sense, or else—and this is probably the answer—we unconsciously supplied them with information they had no business to have.

We puzzle over it in our coaches' meeting Monday morning. We recall that our Saturday opponent had sent a keen, experienced scout to look us over in two earlier games. Now what did he see that enabled his team to stop us? That's something we must find out at once.

We decide to hold a dummy scrimmage that afternoon. We see nothing. We don't want to have a real scrimmage. Our team is down pretty fine, but we've got to do it.

On Wednesday we line up the first team on the offense against the best scrub outfit we can muster. Fortunately we have a tough bunch of second-stringers and the first team has a hard time gaining ground. When the pressure begins to be felt the explanation of Saturday's difficulties is unfoiled. Here are some of the things we see:

1. Our threat man looks up quickly at the hole when he's going to run off tackle and wets his fingers when he's going to pass.
2. Our bucker looks straight ahead when he's going to block and turns his eyes toward the ball when he's going to carry.
3. Our inside tackle looks sideways at his man when he is called on to cross-block.
4. Our blocking back lines up half a step wider than usual when he wants to take the end.
5. Our running guard throws his weight on his hands when the play calls for a charge and shifts it back to his feet when he

of their EYES

THE Little Mannerisms of a Single Player May Lose an Important Football Game for His Team, If an Alert Scout for an Opponent Has Spotted Them. Here's What You've Wanted to Know About Scouting

By
LOU LITTLE
as told to
**STANLEY
WOODWARD**

is required to pull out to run interference. He also leans slightly in the direction he's going.

Well, no wonder they stopped us. A smart scout with a good pair of field glasses would pick up "give-aways" like ours without the slightest difficulty. Let's see if there's anything else the matter with us.

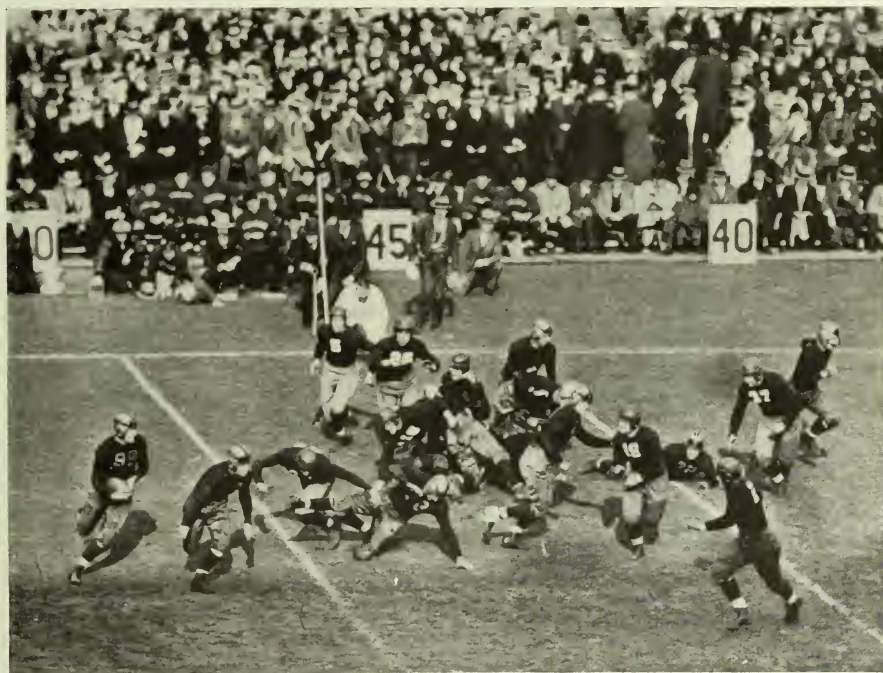
Yes sir, there is. We never realized it before but our quarterback is in a rut. His sequence of plays has no variation. Besides that he has what the psychologists might call "conditioned reflexes." When he gets into certain situations he always does the same thing.

If he has first down on the opponent's 30-yard line, he'll always call the tackle play and if he doesn't gain with it, he'll call a running pass on second down.

The reason we couldn't move on Saturday is pretty obvious now. We telegraphed our plays just as Battling Siki used to telegraph his punches. Our opponents, forewarned by their scout, never were at a loss to know what we were going to do.

For the rest of the season we try to break our boys of their small bad habits. We know we're under the microscope every Saturday and that all good scouts are looking for give-aways. A fleeting glance to one side or the other, a slight variation in position or a nervous habit that is all but unnoticeable, may cost us a ball game.

(Continued on page 52)



Carter, Purdue back, gains six yards at Fordham's left end. At extreme right, a Purdue player goes down the field to take out the Fordham safety man. Long runs when they come are based on that sort of thoroughness

RENDEZVOUS *with* DEATH

By
FRED C. PAINTON

SEVENTEEN years after Château-Thierry, 228 American soldiers die side by side as if in battle—casualties of misfortune

SOUTH of the tip of the Florida peninsula where tiny islands make green stepping stones through shallow sub-tropic waters to Key West an orderly village of khaki tents and wooden barracks grew sodden under the slashing downpour of a heavy rain that drove in from the east on the shoulders of a gusty, moaning wind. The time was September 2, 1935, Labor Day, and the eight hundred men who occupied this camp and other barracks to the north and south of Islamorada, were taking a holiday from the task they had been sent here ten months before to do—build bridges on the coastal highway from Miami to Key West.

They loafed, slept, read; played rummy, poker or considered the possibilities of getting in a little fishing later if the rain let up. They were all veterans of the World War and casualties of the depression, and they had been sent here, some said, to be far away from Washington where their demands for payment of their Adjusted Compensation Certificates would be less audible.

In one corner of the mess shack three of the veterans played jaw-bone blackjack. One of them we'll call Bill Brown because that isn't his right name, and he merely typifies the history and appearance of these eight hundred. Bill was thin and shabby, and his hair was gray—he was thirty-nine—and occasionally he looked away from the cards with a queer, curious expression as if he were pondering over a puzzling thought. And he was puzzled. Curious to know why, in all those

years since 1919, he had never obtained a toe-hold on life.

Bill Brown was only twenty years old in 1917 when the Army called him to the colors. Just a kid briefly out of high school, eager, ambitious—snatched by his patriotism from his first job before he had learned a trade or had set his course for his future.

Bill made a good soldier. He felt the lash of German Maxims on the Marne where shrapnel bullets whipped his flesh; but he was back with his outfit in time to storm Stenay in the last phase of the Meuse-Argonne push. He kept the watch on the Rhine under frowning Ehrenbreitstein but with the war over Bill had time to wonder what would happen after he was issued the red chevron of discharge.

Bill came home in 1919; twenty-two years old now, and very ambitious. He found it tough getting a job; he had no trade. But finally in 1920 he obtained employment running a drill press. He worked a year and was thinking about marriage when the depression of 1921 hit him. Last taken on, first laid off. For two

Not at midnight in some flaming battle town did their comrades die, but in a night of horror on the Florida keys when a hurricane and tidal wave destroyed three FERA veterans' camps





After the hurricane as after a battle, the survivors sleep. For 228 of their comrades, the hurricane marked the end of the depression. Matecumbe Key joins Belleau Wood in history

years, almost three, he fought unemployment; odd jobs here and there, longer periods of idleness when he wanted to work. Bill stuck it out, just as he had endured fatigue and hunger, and bullets and shells during the war. But he was anxious and puzzled. He was getting older and not getting any place.

Bill was twenty-six when he went back steadily on the drill press. Everything seemed swell now. Wages were good, the country was prosperous, and at last it appeared that Bill was permanently settled. He could think of marriage. He could plan to be a foreman.

The crash of 1929 smashed him in the ruins.

He tried to find work, but when skilled labor and white collar men couldn't get work what chance had Bill, who, because of the war and the 1921 depression, had never really learned a trade?

The years dragged on with Bill eternally trying and getting nowhere. Finally, desperate, he hitch-hiked to Washington. Washington did things for you, people said. In Washington the Transient Bureau of the Federal Emergency Relief Administration offered him thirty dollars a month, his keep and medical attention for labor which he could do—swing a pick and shovel. Bill was glad to get it. Along with others he was shipped to Florida.

He liked it down here on the Keys; the monastic barrack life reminded him of old army days. In free time there was fishing and swimming; and occasional trips to Miami, where he visited the Harvey Seeds Post of the Legion and watched the boxing matches. Time slipped past softly, leisurely as time can under balmy tropical skies.

But as he sat here, this Labor Day afternoon, playing black-

jack under the frown of a growing storm, he wondered again why he hadn't obtained that toe-hold on life. He was nearly forty and—the fact puzzled him—in the past nineteen years he had worked at a job steadily only seven. Twelve years a casual.

"Somebody said a hurricane coming around Cuba," Scotty observed. "I wonder if they're going to send that train for us. They told us to stand by this afternoon, but here we are."

"Too far away to hit us, according to the weather reports," said Mike.

But Bill suddenly noticed then an electric tension in the air. The wind howled louder, tore at the quivering mess shack. The shallow, milky waters, usually so calm, were running in huge waves. These Florida Keys protruded less than six feet above sea level at their highest point. A quick sense of unease gripped the denim-dressed veterans.

Suddenly the mess shack door flung open. The gale screamed furiously. A man thrust his head in.

"Everybody outside!" he yelled above the wind's roar. "A train's coming to take us to Miami. Hurry to the tracks."

The words might have been a signal. As Bill and the others stood up, a howling roar worse than the arrival of a terrific barrage deafened them. Bill felt himself picked up, hurled to the ground, rolled like a ball. The mess shack was dissolving before his eyes. A howling wind almost sucked the air from his lungs.

"Scotty," he yelled. "Red! Mike!"

He couldn't see; the fine sand hurled by a hundred and fifty mile wind whipped him until he stung and bled. He groped for Scotty's hand. He tried to get up, but the screaming wind knocked him down. Somehow he caught hold of Scotty's hand. Scotty was small and needed help.

Foolishly Bill got to his knees to crawl. The wind, yelling in his ears, seized him, rolled him head over heels and twisted his grip from Scotty's. He landed belly (Continued on page 44)



After the serious business of winning a turkey, three big shots attending St. Charles (Missouri) Post's annual shoot lay down a barrage on a single claybird to settle something or other

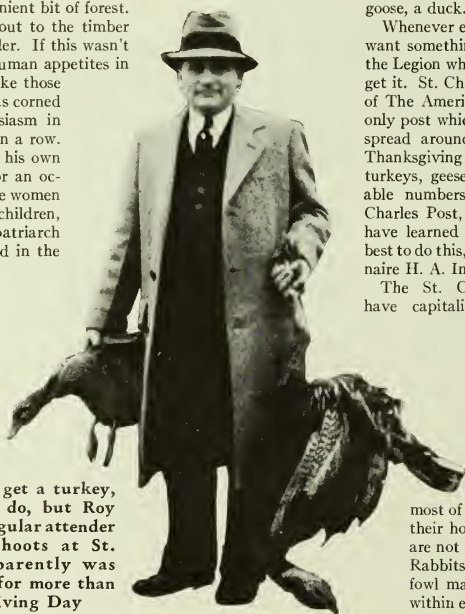
SHOOT *and Eat*

EVERY day, we take it, was Thanksgiving Day for your great grandpapa in Daniel Boone's time, when all one needed was a sharp right eye and a long-barreled rifle to acquire a wild turkey in any convenient bit of forest. Any ordinarily energetic pioneer could stroll out to the timber and come home with a gobbler over his shoulder. If this wasn't a seven-days-a-week custom, it was because human appetites in Uncle Daniel Boone's days were very much like those of World War days when even such delicacies as corned willie and baked beans failed to stir enthusiasm in hungry doughboys for more than a few days in a row.

For variety your great grandpaw who shot his own food would eat squirrel and rabbit, venison or an occasional bear. History does not record what the women folks of the pioneers did besides rear a dozen children, turn the spinning wheel and cook, but your patriarch of the American wilderness usually was buried in the midst of the graves of four or five wives who had gone before. Those were the good old days of real shooting and real eating. A trifle hard on the women folks, perhaps.

The muzzle-loading squirrel rifle is now in the museums and all the wild turkeys are gone. The can opener is the symbol of cookery's decline and the world is filling up with widows. Only on Thanksgiving Day and at Christmas does your sturdy American, true to the traditions of his ancestors, demand a feast that is more than something knocked together as per page 38 in the latest copy of the Ladies Home Companion. On those two days, unless the depression has completely flattened

If you can't get a turkey, a duck will do, but Roy Hoffmann, regular attendee of Legion shoots at St. Charles, apparently was stocking up for more than Thanksgiving Day



him, your fellow citizen wants turkey. And if not turkey a goose. And in the absence of turkey or goose, a duck.

Whenever enough fellow citizens want something there is a post of the Legion which will see that they get it. St. Charles (Missouri) Post of The American Legion isn't the only post which has undertaken to spread around its community at Thanksgiving and Christmas time turkeys, geese and ducks, of notable numbers and quality. St. Charles Post, though, happens to have learned in many years how best to do this, according to Legionnaire H. A. Insinger.

The St. Charles Legionnaires have capitalized the fact that Daniel Boone isn't dead. He lives in spirit in their town, along the Missouri River, just a running jump from St. Louis. It is good hunting country thereabouts and

most of the citizenry have in their homes shotguns which are not allowed to get rusty. Rabbits and quail and wild fowl may be shot in season within easy driving distance.

But when all St. Charles calendars show November, when the leaves have left all the trees and there is frost in the air, when the hunting season is over or nearly over, then it is that St. Charles Post mobilizes all the shotgun-minded male citizens of its community for the post's annual Thanksgiving turkey shoot. It is held a few days before the holiday. Another shoot is held a few days before Christmas.

It isn't a turkey shoot, strictly speaking, any more. The post has learned that geese are more popular prizes than turkeys, and so are ducks. The post follows good business principles all the way through. It starts its buying arrangements several months before Thanksgiving Day. According to Mr. Insinger, the chairman of the supply committee visits a St. Charles poultry dealer in September and says:

"Bill, we'll want a lot of birds, as usual, on November 24th. Make the order seventy geese—the ten pounders, of course. And an even dozen turkeys, all around fourteen pounds. Forty ducks, too—twenty six-pound white Pekins and twenty three-pound Mallards."

The poultry dealer then begins looking over the countryside for likely flocks. He arranges to buy them when the time comes. The post pays a premium of a cent a pound. The same dealer has



a very fair arrangement because a man who shoots badly in the opening round has a chance to get his shooting eye back and win. And by the time the three geese have been won, another team is usually ready to step on the firing line. Each man on the ten-man team pays one dollar."

There is something about these trapshooting contests which stirs every man who has ever handled a gun. Lots of spectators are surprised to find themselves on the firing line with double barreled shotguns. The boys of the town are thick on the sidelines, fascinated by the spectacle and eager to get as many empty cartridges as possible. Incidentally, the post makes a profit on the shells. It sells them to the shooters, and most of them buy the post shells, although anybody is privileged

to bring his own if he wants to.

What St. Charles Post has done, hundreds of other posts have also done—with variations. It is still a shooting Legion.

Come and Get It—1935 Style

EVERY Legionnaire knows the answer to the slogan on the Army's recruiting posters, "Things the Army Does Besides Fight!" The Army eats. Every veteran includes among his



At the beginning of each year, Brooks-Flick Post of Troy, Pennsylvania, throws a roast pig dinner. Each member brings a prospective member. The chefs get better each year, prospects scarcer

supplied the birds—best in the market—for the last ten years.

Last year the post used 220 turkeys, geese and ducks in its Thanksgiving and Christmas shoots. On each shoot the outfit netted a profit of about \$100. Profit isn't the mainspring of the shoot, though, for first of all the post tries to give everybody a good time.

St. Charles Post has found out that the most popular match is a team of ten men shooting for three geese. This is a great time saver. The usual plan is to have three or four men shoot for one goose, but this requires a lot of scouting, coaxing and cajoling to get the shooting teams together. With ten men, however, the team is quickly chosen and the shooting is done expeditiously. Mr. Insinger says:

"After three rounds have been shot off, the men who never missed a bird shoot among themselves until one finally outshoots the others. He wins the first goose. The winner of the goose is out, and the remaining nine men shoot in the same fashion for the second goose. Then eight men shoot for the third goose. This is

favorite war tales stories of the time when Old George Whoosis, the mess sergeant, served the boys strawberry pie, beef steak with truffles or paté de fois gras. Husband John X. Doughboy has been known to remind his Auxiliare wife that the griddle cakes and coffee aren't quite up to the standard set by the olive drab cooks of the old umpty-umpty.

Nowadays these same veterans are coming home from Legion meetings smacking their lips over something the post mess sergeant served the gang after the business session. Wives of Legionnaires in Troy, Pennsylvania, know what to expect after each annual membership banquet of Brooks-Flick Post. When husbands return home from this affair, they relate to sleepy mates who have wakened to hear that the roast pig was better than ever before. At the beginning of each new membership year the post gives this dinner to which each member invites a membership prospect. A special detail has handled the selection and roasting of the pig each year. No job to be done lightly, that, reports Post Adjutant (Continued on page 52)

CHAMPION *of*



By ALEXANDER GARDINER

WHAT the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina on this historic occasion was, "It's a long time between things like this, buddy—do your stuff."

And so Governor and Legionnaire Olin D. Johnston unleashed a fast one, but Acting Governor and Legionnaire "Sandy" Graham of the Old North State didn't get a chance to catch it, for Homer Chaillaux, National Americanism Director, fouled the ball into the bleachers while thousands—literally ten thousands—cheered. That was how the greatest series in the history of Legion Junior Baseball opened, late in August. It closed three days later with the home team, Gastonia, North Carolina, representative of the East, world champions of Junior Baseball by virtue of three straight victories. Those youngsters had what it takes, and though the lads from Sacramento, California, nearly pulled the third game out of the fire in the eighth inning, they were out-classed—in everything but courage.

Through one of those once-in-a-lifetime circumstances that nobody can foresee, Gastonia, which had been selected as the site for the Little World Series long before the eliminations began, produced a baseball team that walked right through other junior teams in its State, won its spurs in the regional play-offs at Spartanburg, South Carolina, and emerged from the sectional at Charlotte in its own State as the East's standard bearer, while Sacramento was rising to the top in a similar series involving the West played at Stockton, California.

Gardner, first baseman for Sacramento, scores the first run for his team in the final game of the Legion's Junior World Series. Umpire Dan Barry of the American League, Catcher Queen of Gastonia, and part of the crowd of 13,000 which saw the game

Nearly thirty thousand people attended the three games in Gastonia, setting a record for Little World Series competition that looks as if it might stand for a while. That's in a town with a population as per the 1930 census of 17,093, with a total of 28,250 persons in what the sanguine and genial Grady Gaston, Executive Secretary of the local Chamber of Commerce, calls Greater Gastonia. A good part of that outpouring of fans came to the games because one of the teams was a home town product, but your Gastonian eats, drinks and sleeps baseball, and with appetites whetted by two previous Junior Baseball sectional series, in 1932 and 1934, the fans would no doubt have smashed the previously existing records to smithereens even if teams of perfect strangers had been competing. For if there is a place in the world where the baseball spirit is higher than in this municipality of Western North Carolina ("The City of Spindles" and "The Combed Cotton Yarn Manufacturing Center of America") I'd like to hear of it. As the cigarette ad might put it: In Indianapolis it's basketball; in Pendleton it's bucking bronchoes; in Toronto it's hockey; in Gastonia it's *baseball*. Doc Newton, coach of the champions, and Gaston Post's Commander, the transplanted New Bedford, Massachusetts, Yankee Adam J. Melvin, may well be proud of their boys, who hit and fielded and in general comported themselves like a bunch of veteran ball-players.

The National and American Leagues contributed \$20,000 to the Legion's Junior Baseball program, which allowed it to balance its books after the series and have enough left to take the

CHAMPIONS

GASTONIA, North Carolina, Is the Tops in Legion Junior Baseball, After a Strenuous Competition Involving Teams from Every State in the Union. Through the Legion's Americanism Commission, Which Conducted the Program, the 400,000 Youngsters Who Took Part Learned the Lessons of Sportsmanship, Courage, Honor, Patriotism

youngsters on the winning team to the opening games of the big world series. The cost of transporting the state winners to the regional centers, sectional and final series was \$19,500. To feed and house these contenders the cost was \$9,000. Incidental expenses throughout the year and up to the tournament cost an additional \$10,000. All thirty of the lads who had a part in the final series fittingly represented the 400,000 who took part in the program conducted by the Americanism Commission, and some of them will be making news on sports pages of more than local reputation a few years from now.

Gastonia put on a show and no mistake about it! Somehow or other Judge Landis, arbiter of professional baseball, who comes as near being the Grand Patron of Legion Junior Baseball as anyone I can think of, was for once unable to attend the games, and what was the series going to be without the judge there to contribute that effervescent enthusiasm of his that lends color to whatever gathering he happens to adorn? The presidents of the National and American Leagues sent their regrets also. But did that faze Gastonia? Not on your Tarheel! The Legion itself rates pretty high in Gastonia, with a Legionnaire as Mayor, another as President of the Chamber of Commerce, and the afore-

said Grady Gaston doing a most excellent selling job for both the town and his fellow Legionnaires. So when that first game in the series got under way virtually every store in town was closed and whatever business simply couldn't wait was transacted by skeletonized staffs that between sales hung over the radio as the play-by-play account was broadcast by Stations WSOC and WBT. Everybody who couldn't see certainly heard. Four thousand people had gathered at the station the day before the series opened to welcome Homer Chaillaux and the team representing George W. Manhart Post of Sacramento as they got off the train after four days en route from their sectional triumph at Stockton.

If none of the topnotchers in the professional baseball world were present at the series the two big leagues were not without representation, for Dan Barry of the American League and Bill Byron for the National League showed the crowd umpiring of a quality that was strictly up to the standard of major competition. The social success of the two umpires in the other battles of Gastonia, involving speaking engagements before the Rotary, Kiwanis, Civitan and Lions Clubs and other activities off the playing field established them as orators of no mean parts and raconteurs extraordinary, in addition to which they successfully sustained the reputation with which they arrived in Gastonia of being gentlemen unafraid. The Legion notables who came to adorn the series arranged by National Americanism Director Chaillaux and Chuck Wilson, his assistant, included the Governor of South Carolina and Lieutenant Governor Graham of North Carolina, serving as Governor in the absence of J. C. B. Ehringhaus, who was out of the State. Also Joseph Daniels, Jr., beginning his term as Commander of the North Carolina Department, Miller Foster, National Executive Committeeman from South Carolina, Bryce P. Beard, National Chairman of the Sons of the Legion Committee of The American Legion, and numerous other dignitaries who were sunk in temporary obscurity while two squads of fifteen nimble youngsters apiece battled it out for supremacy in the stadium back of Gastonia High School.

That stadium, by the way, is something to write home about, which is just about true of everything in this amazing little town which among other things boasts of the largest Legion Post in its State and a Legion home and Memorial Hall any city ten times its size might be proud to own. The stadium fence skirts the edge of hills overlooking a natural bowl that provides a perfectly level field, ideal for baseball and football. The fence in late August is hardly visible from the inside of the park through a privet hedge that runs from right field foul line all the way around the field to meet that same foul line extended through home plate to the fence again. Behind home plate is a grandstand, on the first base line a tier of bleacher seats reaching up the hill and capable of accommodating something like five thousand people and along third base a series of less ambitious bleachers, the whole affording a seating capacity of something like ten thousand. (Continued on page 44)



Gastonia respected Red Wakefield's ability to pick players off the bases. This time Armstrong got back before the Sacramento first baseman could put the ball on him

ARMISTICE?

Not on THIS front

IT WAS a day of great rejoicing—that November 11th of 1918 when the Armistice which was to end the World War went into effect. It meant the cessation of the fighting for the more than two million Americans in the A. E. F. and to the additional two millions in home camps awaiting their call to the Western Front.

But November 11th of 1918 meant exactly nothing to two groups of American troops stationed in widely separated parts of what had been the Russian Empire. These men composed the A. E. F. in North Russia, based on the White Sea port of Archangel, and the A. E. F. in Siberia, based on Vladivostok at the other end of the huge country, six thousand miles away. For them the fighting continued, although our country had never declared war on Russia.

In March, 1917, the Czar, Nicholas, abdicated; on November 7, 1917, came the revolution of the Bolsheviks. In February, 1918, the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk signed with Germany eliminated Russia as one of the Allies against the Central Powers. Then came the expeditions of "friendly intervention" to North Russia and to Siberia, conceived by the British High Command. And even now, American veterans who were part of those expeditions are wondering why they were sent to those far-off places. Stories of the Siberian Expedition have appeared in this department, and now we have a picture and story from a veteran of our North Russian Expedition, Commander William D. Parker of Watts Post of the Legion, who lives at 9505 Beach Street, Los Angeles, California. Here is Parker's story of the picture of the armored train that is shown:

"The enclosed snapshot was taken in the Murmansk Sector in North Russia by Lieutenant John E. Wilson who was chaplain of the battalion in which I served. It is one of over three thousand pictures that he took. I was attached to the 168th Company, Section B, Railway Transportation Corps, of the American expedition and I would certainly like to hear from some of the comrades with whom I served. We reached Russia in April, 1919, and were the last Americans to leave—in July.



Eight months after the war ended, these Americans were still battling. The naval gun crew of the American armored train which saw action in the Murmansk sector of the North Russian campaign, in June, 1919

"The picture shows the crew of the American armored train. These soldiers are Privates Kaiser and Manders, Corporal Minard, Private 1st S. Parusynski, Private J. B. Sutters, Sergeant Fred Howard and Private F. L. Dolmot.

"When we reached Russia in the spring of 1919, the only armored train of the Allies was manned by the French. When they left in June, 1919, this train was assigned to the Americans with First Lieutenant C. B. Tuttle in command. It consisted of four engine tenders, each with an inner jacket and a filling of sand with false floor, and machine-gun positions on top. These were mounted with twenty-two Vickers machine guns. In addition to these, there were two gondolas with armor, each carrying a three-inch Vickers naval gun. Attached to the train were two coaches with quarters for the crew, a kitchen car with rations and two ammunition cars.

"Our train moved down to the front on June 11, 1919, and fired its first shot on June 27th, when a barrage of 200 rounds was sent into the enemy position. The train rendered valuable assistance in the attacks on Siding 9, and also took an

active part in the battle of Kyapeselya, when the artillery attack was supplemented by machine-gun crews sent into the line. It was an effective fighting machine whenever it could get near enough to the scene of action. The crew was made up of picked men who had previously made good in their military and railroad work.

"Our crew consisted of the following: Lieutenant C. B. Tuttle, C. A. C., in command; Sergeants Schmitz, C. W. Mitchell, Fred Howard, C. T. Barner, Wills, and C. J. Donnelly; Corporals Minnard and William D. Parker (I served as a machine gunner); Privates Dotson, Parusynski, L. A. Brown, Cushing, F. C. Dolmot, William Martin, Robert MacGough, M. M. Manners, J. B. Sutters and Olsen; Cook J. P. Whalen. The engine crew was composed of Corporal T. F. Hughes, engineer, Private Harry Blazy, fireman, Private Anthony Varst, wood passer, Corporal Roy Johnson, conductor and Corporal C. A. Cretsinger, brakeman."

We extract from a book entitled, "Archangel, The American War with Russia," written by "A Chronicler," some facts regarding this outlying American force, which we think will be of interest not only to those veterans who weren't there, but also to men who participated.

On May 27, 1918, the Allied military attaches of Italy, France, England and our country meeting in Moscow agreed that those nations should take a hand in the Russian situation. Shortly afterward, the Supreme War Council at Versailles favored intervention and our country consented. On August 3, 1918, the American advance party landed at Archangel, although in April of that year, a party of Royal Marines of England landed and a few weeks later more British Marines and a landing party of French sailors. On June 10, 1918, a hundred American sailors disembarked from the U. S. S. *Olympia* at Murmansk.

The 330th Infantry, detached from the 85th Division (Michigan and Wisconsin men) which was en route to the A. E. F., was sent from England to Archangel, reaching that port on September 4, 1918. With this infantry regiment were the 337th Field Hospital Company, the 337th Ambulance Company and a battalion of the 310th Engineers. In all, the American force totaled about 4500 men—about five hundred additional replacements from the 85th Division following a month later.

England was represented by a brigade of infantry, about equal in strength to the American force, while France sent 840 men and 22 officers, a battalion of the 21st Colonial Infantry, two machine gun sections and two sections of artillery with 75's. Early in the campaign, the 67th and 68th Batteries of the 16th Canadian



is contemplated for an early issue of the Monthly.

YOU'LL agree with me that mention of the Air Service usually brings to mind a picture of an immaculately uniformed officer, proudly wearing his distinctive badge of wings on his left breast. That goes for the war period and also for the present. Probably

that's because our ordinary vets have never seen fliers in dungarees working on their ships.

Catastrophes, however, alter matters. It would be hard to believe that the group pictured on this page is composed of men of the Air Service, until we learn that they were survivors of one of the major transport casualties while our troops were being shipped over to the A. E. F. Their outfit, the 158th Aero Squadron, was among the 2,170 soldiers aboard the British ship *Tuscania* which was being used to transport American troops when she was torpedoed on February 5, 1918. Through the timely and heroic action of the officers and crews of three British destroyers, the loss of life was restricted to 230 men.

The snapshot we reproduce was loaned to us by Legionnaire Elmer E. Holmes of Lansford, Pennsylvania, with this letter:

"The picture I am sending was taken in Camp Morn Hill, just outside of Winchester, England, in March, 1918, and shows a bunch of men of the 158th Aero Squadron, survivors of the S. S. *Tuscania* torpedoed February 5, 1918, off the coast of Ireland.

"We set sail for France on January 23d on the *Tuscania* in a convoy of seventeen ships. Our squadron of 150 men lost 18. The survivors landed in Ireland, Scotland and England. This happy-looking gang had just been reunited at Camp Morn Hill.



Lacking the usual natty appearance of Air Corps men, these men are nevertheless of the 158th Aero Squadron. Here we see them at Camp Morn Hill, England, in the makeshift military-civilian garments they donned after their transport, the *Tuscania*, was torpedoed off the coast of Ireland on February 5, 1918

Field Artillery, equipped with twelve eighteen-pounders, joined forces. All of the American forces, with the exception of the Railway Transportation Corps men, of which Commander Parker was one, were withdrawn in the spring of 1919, sailing from Archangel on June 10th. An account of some of the experiences of our North Russian expedition, written by an officer who served with it,

"You will note there is a varied assortment of uniforms—English sailor suits supplied by the sailors of the sub-chasers that picked us up, mixed with English civilian clothes and American uniforms. I have lost contact with these men and would certainly like to hear from those fellows still answering roll call."

For the information of Holmes and other survivors of this transport, we want to report that the National Tuscania Survivors Association was organized some years ago and each year on the anniversary of the torpedoing of the ship, February 5th, a reunion and memorial service are held. Paul L. Stewart of 132 Third Street, Baraboo, Wisconsin, is secretary.

WHILE on the subject of torpedoed vessels, we want to give Errol P. Johnson of Old Kentucky Home Post, New Haven, Kentucky, a chance to ask several questions in connection with the attack on the transport *Mount Vernon*. Here is Johnson's letter:

"This is an inquiry that some of your readers will perhaps answer to my satisfaction. I have had my curiosity unsatisfied for the past seventeen years on these points of the occurrence I will report: Was the enemy submarine sunk? Were 35 of the Black Gang killed? Did the Navy count this an engagement?

"On September 4, 1918, a casual company composed of officers and non-commissioned officers from the 26th, 32d, 33d and 35th Divisions, boarded the *Mount Vernon* at Brest, France, for duty with new divisions in the States. There were also aboard a lot of wounded being returned home. The *Mount Vernon* sailed the same evening, accompanied by the *Agamemnon* and five destroyers. Some of us were assigned to stations with the sailors to stand 'Sub

recovered two days later after the ship had been put in drydock at Brest. One man died of burns a few hours after the explosion and another several days later, in the hospital at Brest, making a loss of thirty-seven, all of the Navy, out of a total of 1450 on board, including 350 Army passengers, 100 of whom were sick or wounded. Eleven others who were seriously injured, recovered."

There is nothing to indicate that the submarine was sunk. Perhaps some Legionnaire can answer Johnson's other questions.

THERE oughta bin a law—or at least a General Order during the war making it compulsory for the Army authorities—that were to furnish free haircuts to the soldiers. At least that's the way we felt about it when one of those frequent hair-not-longer-than-an-inch-and-a-half orders were broadcast by the officers. Or else a pair of clippers should have been added to Equipment C. They furnished us safety-razors, didn't they? And even though our company barbers only asked a franc or two for haircuts, that sum was hard to raise sometimes after allotments, Liberty Loan payments and other deductions had been made from our meager pay—and left us nothing to lose at craps or black jack.

But those barber guys were all right—so we'll let one of them, Legionnaire Ira W. Dunn of Mullens, West



The classy barber shop of the 43d Balloon Company at Ville-sur-Cousances, France, with barber Ira W. Dunn and his assistant, Hanson, holding up the shack



Virginia, show a picture of his shop in the A. E. F. and have his say:

"Some months ago I read in the Monthly the letter from William H. St. Clair, ex-A. E. F. barber, in which he reported that he got \$17.50 for one shave. Having been a company barber myself, I'll say that if that customer was as tough as some of mine it was worth it. Fine fellows—but tough whiskers.

"Enclosed is a snapshot of the 'tonsorial parlor' which I operated near the French village of Ville-sur-Cousances, showing me, at the left, and my assistant, Hanson, who hailed from Minnesota.

"I would like to know how many—if any—of the boys of the 43d Balloon Company remember the fire that started in the shop on New Year's Day, 1910, from an overdose of gasoline, and the name of the fellow that operated the fire extinguisher. I'd also like to hear from the soldier who jumped into the chair for a shave and hair cut before the embers quit falling.

"I have barbered in this town of Mullens eleven years and own my own shop and home. So if any of you veterans of the

Watch' a lookout for submarines.

"The following morning, September 5th, about 6:45 o'clock, we were struck by a torpedo about amidships, starboard side. One destroyer turned and came back between the two transports, dropping depth bombs. Oil came to the surface and we thought the submarine was hit. We were also told that 35 firemen had been killed.

"The *Mount Vernon* limped back into Brest and we casualties were transferred to the *Wilhelmina*,



landing in New York on September 17th.

"Some of the 400 soldiers who helped form a bucket brigade and passed water from the dining room to help out the pumps, besides the crews of the *Agamemnon*, the *Mount Vernon* and the five destroyers, would like to have their curiosity satisfied as to whether the sub was sunk, if the 35 firemen were killed, if the Navy counted this an engagement, and if, after the war, it was discovered what German submarine made the attack."

We answer at least one of the queries by quoting from "A History of the Transport Service" by Vice-Admiral Albert Gleaves, Commander of Convoy Operations, 1917-19:

"Thirty-five men were killed by the explosion, the bodies being

43d Balloon Company happen to be in this vicinity drop in and have a shave on the house. But leave your hard tack and pup tent at home."

ANNOUNCEMENTS of conventions, reunions and other activities of outfit organizations appear each month in this column of the Monthly. Since occasionally advice comes to us too late for an announcement to appear, we want to state again that information must be received in this office at least five weeks prior to the first of the month in which the activities are scheduled.

Details of the following reunions and activities may be obtained from the Legionnaires whose names and addresses are given:

3d Div.—Send name and address to George Dobbs, 9 Colby st., Belmont, Mass., for free copy of *The Watch on the Rhine* outfit.

4TH Div. Assoc. of N. Y.—Annual Armistice dinner, New York City, Nov. 9. Clarence Ludlum, secy., 1271 Broadway, New York City, will send details of prize story contest.

4TH Div. Assoc. of Pa.—Reunion. Dates and place to be announced later. C. Roland Gelatt, 4807 Chester av., Philadelphia, Pa.

SOCIETY of 5TH Div. has a number of divisional histories on hand. Wm. Barton Bruce, 48 Ayrault st., Providence, R. I.

30TH and 81ST Divs.—Send name, address and outfit to Warren A. Fair, editor, Charlotte, N. C., for free copy of *The Message Center*.

42D (Rainbow) Div. Vets.—Annual national convention-reunion, Kansas City, Mo., July 13-15, 1936. *The Rainbow Reville* is your paper; write for free copy, stating your outfit. Harold B. Rodier, editor, 717 Sixth st., N. W., Washington, D. C.

77TH Div. Assoc.—Membership entitles holder to privileges of clubhouse, 28 E. 39th st., New York City. Send name and address to Jack Simonson, care of clubhouse, for free copy of *The Liberty Light*.

30TH INF.—The Original 30th Inf. Assoc. invites veterans of regiment organized in Manila in 1901, to report to Geo. W. Mathews, secy.-treas., 114½ East Broadway, Cushing, Okla.

310TH INF., 78TH Div.—Reunion in Providence, R. I., 1936—300th anniversary of city. John P. Riley, 151 Wendell st., Providence.

6TH INF., Co. M.—For roster, report to Leo J. Bailey, Canastota, N. Y. Proposed reunion, Syracuse, N. Y., Aug., 1936, with Legion Dept. convention.

319TH INF., Co. C—First annual reunion, Millvale, Pa., Nov. 10. Report to A. L. Ferrar, 610 Patrick st., Millvale.

330TH INF., Co. H—Sixth annual reunion, Glastonbury, Ohio, Sat., Nov. 9. H. H. Sands, adjt., Logan, Ohio.

322D F. A. Assoc.—17th annual reunion, Hamilton, Ohio, 1936; date to be announced. To complete roster, report to L. B. Fritsch, secy., P. O. Box 324, Hamilton.

328TH INF., M. G. Co.—Reunion by Mail. Send your letter to Joe M. Carr, Monticello, Fla.

52D PIONEER INF. (formerly 12th REGT., N. Y. N. G.)—Armistice celebration get-together, New York City, Nov. 10. N. J. Brooks, 2 West 45th st., New York City.

148TH F. A.—Annual reunion, Albany Hotel, Denver, Colo., Nov. 9. T. T. Houghton, secy., Room 140 State House, Denver.

37TH ENGRS.—Pittsburgh Chapter annual banquet, Fort Pitt Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa., Nov. 9. C. W. Reynolds, secy., 3047 Texas av., South Hills P. O., Pittsburgh.

107TH ENGRS.—Annual reunion, Milwaukee, Wis., Nov. 9. Joe Hrdlick, secy., 2209 N. 41st st., Milwaukee.

Co. A, 302D BN. TANK CORPS—18th annual reunion, Chicago, Ill., Nov. 30. Are you on the mailing list? Write to Walter R. Titzel, Jr., 30 N. La Salle st., Chicago.

267TH AERO SQDRN.—Annual reunion, Indianapolis, Ind., May 31, 1936. Lloyd Hessey, secy.-treas., 3557 Kenwood av., Indianapolis.

U. S. A. ARMY AMB. SERV. ASSOC.—Annual Armistice Day pilgrimage at Allentown, Pa., Sun., Nov. 10. Men who trained at Allentown, write to R. P. Patterson, 526½ Race st., Catasauqua, Pa.

U. S. S. SOLACE—Annual reunion of shipmates, Philadelphia, Pa., Sat. Nov. 2. Dr. R. A. Kern, University Hospital, Philadelphia.

U. S. S. YALE—Crew reunion and dinner, San Francisco, Calif., Nov. 9. C. Leonhardt, 3653-24th st., San Francisco.

U. S. S. ZEELANDIA—First reunion held in Rochester, N. Y., in Aug. For plans of 1936 reunion write to N. Y. Wittman, 1115 Pelee av., Rochester.

BASE HOSP. No. 116—17th annual reunion, Hotel McAlpin, New York City, Nov. 9. Dr. Torr W. Harner, 415 Marlborough st., Boston, Mass.

EVAC. HOSP. No. 9—Annual reunion, Hotel McAlpin, New York City, Oct. 26. Herman C. Idler, secy., Gaul and E. Susquehanna av., Philadelphia, Pa.

(Continued on page 54)



HENNESSY

COGNAC BRANDY

Life rolls along today in the Cognac region of France much as it did one hundred and seventy years ago. Today, as then, accepted vinegrowers trundle their choice *crus* to the Hennessy warehouses, where they are skillfully blended and stored to await the magic mellowing of time. And today, as then, the bouquet and "clean" taste of Hennessy make it the preferred liqueur everywhere... Distilled and bottled at Cognac, France.



SOLE AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES:

Schieffelin & Co., New York City. Importers since 1794

Their Big Moments

(Continued from page 21)

the skipper hailed her, asking who she was and where bound. It was a Chink ship from Hong Kong to Philadelphia, and here is where the thrill comes in—loaded with a cargo of Trinitrotoluol and gun cotton. If that ship had hit a mine it would have wiped us out and perhaps created a tidal wave that would have cost the lives of hundreds on the shore.

You should have seen her back out of there when the skipper told her captain he was at the edge of the mine field.—
VERNON I. CLOW, *Colfax, Washington.*

A BANK IS ROBBED

\$10 Prize

"STICK 'em up, you!" . . . and right then the biggest moment of my life began! It was on June 24, 1930, when the First National Bank of Noble, Illinois, was held up and robbed.

At the time of the robbery, George Martin (a fellow employee) and I were in the bank, as was also a customer. Back behind our counters two of the robbers came, "cannons" at the ready, pushing the customer in front of them. A third hoodlum guarded the front door.

I not only "held my hands up"—I tried my darnedest to touch the ceiling and I still argue that I did, especially after they hit Martin on the head with the butt end of a gun, for moving too slowly!

As the order to lie on the floor was given (with much descriptive language) the looting began. Before the alarm was sounded they had managed to "scoop up" thirty thousand dollars in negotiable bonds and about one thousand dollars in cash.

Knowing that the property taken was not fully insured, I, with most of the town, gave chase amid what sounded like an Armistice Day celebration. Believe me when I say it was *some chase!*

That night I identified one of the robbers, shortly before he died from gunshot wounds, in a Toledo, Illinois, hospital. The rest of the "mob" are now serving prison terms for the part they took in the robbery.

We recovered our stolen property!—
CHARLES COAN, *Olney, Illinois.*

SUBMERGED

\$10 Prize

ISERVED with Co. C, 25th Engineers, in France, and participated in the big push of the Meuse-Argonne, Sept. 26 to Nov. 11, 11 A.M., had all its thrills, bitter and sweet, but none the worse for it.

Returned to Brest in December to clean the muddy streets and walks at Pontanazen barracks. Embarked on the

transport *Agamemnon*, May, 1919, for home. Demobilized at Camp Merritt. Having enlisted at Los Angeles, I was assigned to Presidio, San Francisco, to be discharged.

Traveling by train and nearing Ashland, Nebraska, midnight May 31, 1919, asleep. In my subconscious mind, heard a rumbling noise, next instant to be submerged in water, learned later to be the Platte River, swollen by a cloudburst and a washout, dumping five coaches and locomotive into the river.

My first thought was that we were still in the transport and had hit a mine. My next, as I began to collect myself, that our train had plunged off a bridge. I naturally felt it was only a matter of seconds until the end, and being reconciled to my fate, turned my mind to prayer, repeating, "God have mercy on us." All at once (my big moment) up popped my head over the surface, bedclothes and all wrapped around me, to find some of my buddies still submerged, others smashing the glass of the windows with their fists to escape from what seemed sure death by drowning.—
JAMES J. CREMIN, *Hollywood, California.*

THERE ON THE BACK SEAT

\$10 Prize

FIFTEEN kilometers to hike, all alone. Just because a dumb lieutenant lost his horse. Had to ride mine up for him and walk back. Hell of a note.

A car jounced slowly along the shell-holed road. Nice clean car, with a nice clean young lieutenant driving it. Another cluck trained for ninety days and rushed over to mop up the war as an officer, if you please.

But fifteen kilos is a long way, and I took his offer of a lift. I made several cracks going back about ninety-day lieutenants. I was still sore about the dumb one who—

This feller turned and looked at me. I noticed his cold, gray eyes. Funny collar devices, too, couldn't dope 'em out. Like a coupla crossed calabash pipes, upside down. Just a youngster driving round the front without knowing what it was all about . . .

Then I glanced back, and—"Cripes, loot," I hollers, "lemme outa here."

"Smatter, sergeant," he says very slow and cool.

"Gawd, man, d'you know what's on the back seat!"

"Oh, that? Yeah, I put it there."

"You put—that outfit d'you belong to, the Insanitary Corps?"

"Chemical Warfare Service, sergeant. We collect those big gas duds, take 'em back for analysis. We want to know

what's the stuff that's in 'em, you see."

"Yeah, but—lissen, y'know those things go off when they're bumped around, dontcha? Doesn't one ever go off with you fellers?"

"Oh, yes," he drawled as he let me out, "occasionally, but they've got lots more Cadillacs. . . ."—CHARLES M. DODGE, *Brookline, Massachusetts.*

A BROKEN FIELD RUN

\$10 Prize

IT WAS around noon on a Sunday near La Belle Tour Farm when a statistical non-commissioned officer named Driscoll of the Fifth Marines was returning from regimental headquarters after making his report. The company to which he was attached had moved up farther and he had to inquire from one of the men from the support unit where the regiment had advanced. They told him as best they could the destination of the Marines. He hurried to rejoin his company but somehow he had hurried past his own (the American) front line and passed unseen the Boche lines and did not discover the predicament he was in until only twenty or thirty feet from an old, partly demolished cathedral where the Boches in the rear position had just finished morning church services. The first of the Boches that emerged from the cathedral started hot footing after him, yelling in their native tongue. He had crossed the support and front positions of the Boche before they discovered and fired after him. Alert Marines, seeing a helmetless man heading in their direction, took up the fire until they noticed he was one of their own. It was because of the broken field running that he had been taught at high school that saved the day for him when he was under twin fire.—
WILLIAM F. DRISCOLL, *Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.*

JIMMY GOES UP

\$10 Prize

IT HAPPENED at the Naval Air Station, Warrington (near Pensacola), Florida, late in 1917. Probably world's record balloon ascension and descent. Jimmy, hardboiled, seagoing petty officer with crew of student balloonists, inflated a free balloon and we were walking it to the balloon hangar. It had to be passed over railroad track and telephone wires alongside. Jimmy had two ropes tied to the rail, other ropes were thrown over the wires, one of which Jimmy immediately grabbed. At that instant the tied ropes cracked—broke, carrying Jimmy, partially tangled in the ropes, into the heavens, jerking him up at more than a thousand feet per minute. Though awe-

stricken, a crew member rushed into a nearby building, telephoning emergency sea-sled crews. They immediately started in pursuit, staying along under Jimmy, who was now several thousand feet up. Jimmy's steel nerve and grip stayed with him—hand over hand he climbed until he reached the rip-panel cord. Yanking this he began to descend, landing feet first in the bay with a terrific splash near sea sled, which rushed to his side and pulled him in.

Apparently uninjured but excited, Jimmy stood, smiling, and asked for a cigarette. Puffing away, he was whisked to the hospital. Examination disclosed no injuries and much against his will he was forced to spend a quiet night there to settle his nerves. Jimmy, the hero of a most thrilling experience, came out the following morning, smiling and happy.—

FOSTER D. FENCH, *Zebulon, North Carolina.*

THE MESSAGE WENT THROUGH \$10 Prize

WHILE taking over the front line on the morning of October 15, 1918, we were greeted with heavy shelling and sniping. Towards the afternoon the shelling became terrific. Lieutenant Holm, in order to prevent us from being wiped out, decided to change our position. I was to take the message to the company holding the line on our left.

Shortly after I left our line a sniper got me straight through my head, the bullet going in back of the right ear and out through my left eye. In my exposed position in the middle of a road I dared not move too much, as I knew that I was being watched by the sniper, but I had to get away somehow in order to get my message through and to save myself from bleeding to death. By slowly dragging myself forward, inch by inch, I finally managed to get off the road. Crawling through the woods, as by this time I was too weak from loss of blood to stand up, I managed to get in contact with some of our men. I sent one forward with my orders and another I sent back to notify my commander that I was badly wounded.

Lieutenant Holm, Sergeant Roberts, Corporal O'Hara and the man I sent back, came out and picked me up and with the information I gave them they were able to wipe out the snipers' nest.—GEORGE C. GUSTAFSON, *Chicago, Illinois.*

THE BOLO THAT MISSED \$10 Prize

MIDNIGHT and moonlight, back in March, 1907, found me stationed on Leyte, Philippines, in the heart of the hostile Pulajane country, in charge of an outpost on the bloody Gin-roonhea Trail connecting Dagami and district headquarters. Being a semi-permanent (Continued on page 40)

NOVEMBER, 1935



WHAT! *See through Steel?* IMPOSSIBLE, YOU'LL SAY... BUT...

IT CHALLENGES belief—but every day at the Gillette factory the amazing electro-magnetic tester "sees" deep beneath the surface of Gillette "Blue Blade" steel. A sample from every coil of steel—the finest the world market affords—is sublimated to this scientific instrument.

Irregularities occur in all steel. Even microscopic inspection cannot detect them. But as clearly as the X-ray reveals broken bones, the electro-magnetic tester instantly discloses the slightest hidden imperfection, flashes the story to the operator, a trained metallurgist, and the steel is rejected. This is but one of the many precautions taken by Gillette to insure you shaving com-

fort that never varies. Millions of dollars have been spent in perfecting advanced manufacturing and inspection equipment. Apparatus usually found only in finely equipped scientific laboratories is in daily use at the Gillette factory on a regular production basis.

If you want a razor blade that never varies in quality... a blade that gives you one comfortable shave after another day in and out, try the Gillette "Blue Blade." See how easily it removes even stubborn bristles—how swiftly it skims over tender spots with feather-like touch. Ask for Gillette "Blue Blades."

Reputable merchants give you what you ask for. In stores where substitution is practised—INSIST ON

GILLETTE BLUE BLADES
NOW 5 for 25¢ • 10 for 49¢



Their Big Moments

(Continued from page 39)

outpost, the sergeant in charge was furnished with an "A" tent, cot, table, and candle. Stretched on the cot, enjoying these luxuries, candle sputtering and spitting its protest against scores of mosquitoes who insisted on singing their wings in its flame, I was trying to read a Spanish novel describing the conquest of the Philippines. No use, had to extinguish candle and fight mosquitoes by the light of the moon as its soft, tropical rays filtered through the ancient tent roof. Probably ten minutes later I decided to gather grass for a smudge, after which—if I survived the smoke—I might get a little sleep. Sitting up on the cot, tightening belt and shifting Colt to its proper position, I suddenly saw a man's shadow on the tent, and then—swish, as a bolo cut through the roof wall, and into a folded poncho which a moment before had served as my pillow. I fired at the point where the bolo had entered, then ran outside, only to see a red jacket and pair of white shorts disappear in the bamboo thicket. Soon after, a sentry's rifle cracked and next morning Mr. Pulajane was found in the bush, killed by a Krag thirty and not even scratched by my thirty-eight.—MAJOR ELMER KEMP, U. S. A., Retired, Augusta, Georgia.

DESPERATE REMEDY

\$10 Prize

IT HAPPENED in Honolulu Harbor late in July, 1917. My outfit, the First Infantry, was doing guard and encamped at Fort Kamehameha. I was detailed to a rendezvous tour (with two recruits whose names I have forgotten) aboard the Peruvian four-masted steel sailing ship, *Belfast*.

My special orders were that there were two German sailors aboard ship, and that under no circumstances were we to let them leave the vessel—we were to keep close, careful and alert watch over them at all times. These two men were the only ones aboard.

There were three of us in the detail, I, being oldest, in charge.

Arrived, I posted a sentry in the fore-castle with the two Germans. About twenty minutes later I heard a shout—a scream, and rushed forward, my rifle at thrust. The sentry, though standing, was pale and covered with blood. I thought him wounded.

One of the Germans stood white-faced in the dim light. I leaped at him, but—

He was holding his left wrist from which the hand was dangling! On a bunk lay a fire ax. Blood was everywhere. I stopped the bleeding with my first-aid pack, and called the corporal of the guard.

"How did it happen?" I asked the sailor.

"Dis shib—dis Cap'n, no goot!" he cried. "Starve—no water—sickness—bugs, rats—hell! I—I know sea law. You can't send wounded sailor to sea. I go to hospital now—I cut off my hand!"

—JACK MITCHELL, Veterans' Facility, San Fernando, California.

THE DELIVERY

\$10 Prize

WHILE at Christmas dinner, December 25, 1918, Monroe, Washington, telephone call, "Dr. Overmeyer, come at once, without fail, bring instruments!" Thirty miles up the Sky-kornish River—lives of both mother and child were in jeopardy. The weather had been bad for several days, the night was black, windstorm raging—rain, sleet, hail, and snow blew in strange fitful blasts. The rivers and mountain streams were raging torrents, washing out roads and bridges. I got the best driver in town. We sped away in the storm and darkness. Within a few miles of the place we saw a waving light across the road. The watchman informed us bridge was about to go tumbling. I got out, took one look, rushed across the bridge to solid footing as the bridge gave away, also the railroad bridge below. I moved on rapidly to the bedside of the patient, who was in a critical condition from pain, shock, loss of blood and protracted labor. One arm of child protruding with head flexed backward. We prepared the patient as rapidly as possible in the emergency. When everything was ready, Dr. Voss administered an anaesthetic. With difficulty I replaced the arm, then adjusted the head, then applied the forceps and delivered the child, which in due time we resuscitated. The mother responded to treatment and both mother and child were saved and restored to health.—GEORGE W. OVERMEYER, M. D., Retired, Washington.

A TRAIN MISSED

\$10 Prize

THE creaky French train gradually jerked itself to a stop before the station, on another unscheduled stop, and all passengers piled out to the station platform. Although I had finished a heavy meal less than an hour previously, odors from the station restaurant soon caused me to succumb to my favorite—"oeufs and pommes de terre." Just as the order was placed before me, the train whistle summoned all aboard. I wasn't hungry, but I then and there decided to take my time—by and by there would be another train along. And so, calmly sip-

ping my vin blanc, I waved the train good-bye. Some time later, while passing the time with the inevitable group of French children who had congregated about me, I was attracted by a sudden and violent commotion about the station, which soon affected the group about me. "Wait a minute, sis," I said, grabbing one who could speak good English, "What's the excitement about, Germans breaking through the line?" A firm grip and a five franc note finally elicited the information that the train which I had deliberately missed was in a collision in the center of a glove-tight tunnel a short distance away, and that "everybody burned up." A little exaggerated, as I learned later, but all in the first-class coach upon which I had passage were killed.—D. ELVIN ROSENBERGER, Upper Darby, Pennsylvania.

BUT NOT ONE CASUALTY

\$10 Prize

THE first shell slightly to the right missed the dump by feet. The second overshot its mark but in a direct line. 'Twas just a question of moments before La Fouine No. 4, the largest ammunition dump in the Toul Sector, would be a raging hell. A direct hit on a pile of 75's and the fun started. The men had been scattered in groups all over the place and in the din and excitement that followed it was everyone for himself. Giving orders was out of the question. Some made for the dugouts directly underneath, others sped in all directions. In quick succession additional "hits" and the dump took on the semblance of an eruptive volcano and earthquake combined. There was no telling who escaped and how many were trapped.

That night from the town of Menilla-Tour, I watched Boche planes finish their job of destruction and with each explosion my blood turned cold at the thought of the poor devils by now trapped in the underground. Towards daylight the noise subsided. Enemy fire, apparently satisfied that destruction was complete, had ceased. I returned to the scene with dread in my heart at what I would find. Others came drifting back in small groups throughout the day, and in a final check-up, "believe it or not," the casualties numbered exactly one great big zero. Millions in smoke but not one ounce in blood.

My big moment? Yes, thank God!—LOUIS (Red) SAPPER, Miami, Florida.

IT DIDN'T STRIKE

\$10 Prize

I LIVE in Southern Alabama, where fruit is scarce and snakes are plentiful.

Early this summer I found a thicket of blackberry bushes loaded with huge berries, and I determined to overcome my great fear of snakes and other crawling things and get those berries, the first of the season.

My young son, John, soon joined me, and being barefoot, stayed on the outer side of the thick bushes, but I became brave as the picking improved and plunged through to the inner side. Berries and briars soon occupied our attention so thoroughly that we quite forgot the necessary warning to "watch where you step."

My boy was chattering incessantly when suddenly we both realized that we had subconsciously been hearing an ominous "rattle" close by. John looked down and there, close by his bare foot, coiled ready to strike, was a rattlesnake giving its warning.

John jumped out of its reach and ran. I tried to follow but I was imprisoned by the thick briars.

Imagine my horror when that snake crawled toward me where I stood, half paralyzed with fear—it crawled over my foot and disappeared rapidly among the bushes.

Needless to say we picked no more berries. The jelly I made was promptly named "rattlesnake jelly."—LILLIAN M. THOMAS, *Buy Minette, Alabama.*

DOWN THE MOUNTAIN ROAD \$10 Prize

DRIVING a big tractor, hauling cement from the railroad twenty-four miles across the Mojave Desert to the Los Angeles Aqueduct, I sat on a spring seat six feet above the ground, with the huge motor at my left, and the controls before me. A steering wheel controlled the single central road wheel far to the front. Six levers controlled a master clutch, a reverse clutch, and individual clutch for each side driving track, and an individual brake for each track.

Where the road lay close to the edge of the mountain, the side clutches began to pop out of engagement. The tractor, swinging wildly right and left, was over the edge before I realized it. The two huge trailers, loaded with many tons of cement, followed the tractor without upsetting.

My oiler (helper) jumped to safety. The tractor started down the steep mountain-side, pushed by the load behind. I dared not jump, for if the tractor swerved even slightly it would have upset, and tons of sacked cement would have hurtled down on me. Jerking out all clutches and grabbing the brake levers, I held a straight course by touching one brake or the other.

After a wild ride of half a mile, I stopped on a small area of fairly level ground. Nothing was broken and no cement lost. After reconnoitering, I drove the tractor and load up a

(Continued on page 42)

When the Bugler Blows Assembly...



REPORT EQUIPPED!

When the signal sounds for a get-together, watch your bottle-equipment. Don't fall in with a "dud." Or with a new recruit that won't get along with the gang. Dress right with a full pack of that old seasoned veteran — Seagram's Crown.

From the fattest colonel to the thinnest K. P. you'll hear nothing but praise for Crown Whiskey. For it's blended for taste the Seagram way. So warm, so heartening... so smooth a taste that Seagram's is the big favorite in Legion posts from Coast to Coast.



Seagram's Crown Whiskies

Blended the Seagram Way

Say Seagram's and be Sure

Seagram Distillers Corp.—Distillery: Lawrenceburg, Ind.—Executive Offices: New York

Their Big Moments

(Continued from page 41)

long draw, striking the road a mile and a half from where I went over the edge.—
JACK WAITE, Veterans' Home, Bay Pines, Florida.

JUST IN TIME

\$10 Prize

"C-A-R-P-A-T-H-I-A," signaled the man on the crow's nest of the *Megantic*.

The *Carpathia* and the *Megantic* were being used for convoy ships to transport soldiers, sailors, marines and nurses across the Atlantic during the World War. I was a nurse, aboard the *Megantic*.

I was sitting on a steamer chair where I had a good view of the Signal Corps man on the crow's nest.

He was wig-wagging a message which when deciphered, read:

"*Carpathia* struck by submarine shell which injured engines. Battleship stand by! All other ships zig-zag in circles keeping out of sight of each other."

As the *Megantic* gave a lurch to zig-zag, the deck was brought to a steep incline, and I realized that my chair was slipping! It gained momentum until, as the ship righted herself, I found myself at once in a corner of the deck where I knew a lower rail was missing! The chair was half off the edge of the ship! Screaming, I was clinging to the upper rail! Nor could I bring myself to let go until two kindly doctors who had seen my plight insisted that I look down and

see where my chair went and where I would also be, if they had not seen me just when they had—for they had lifted me clear as the chair took its plunge in the boiling and roaring ocean!—Miss LUCY WALTERS, Fort Bayard, New Mexico.

HIGHER AUTHORITY

\$10 Prize

SQUADS right and left, then submarine attacks, "Lookout" in the "Crow's Nest" of an old water-logged transport. "Boo Coo" action as a runner with a machine gun company. Yep, served time in the guardhouse and in the "brig" too. Plenty thrills, soldier, and still I feel my one big moment happened right here in the States. Just another damn "Windjammer." That was me.

This particular day I was bugler of the guard. Mess call would soon be sounded. My watch showed about twenty seconds to noon when I was attracted by smoke and flames coming from Co. E Barracks.

The officer of the day and his N.C.O.'s had gone for mess. Those on duty were all "bucks" so yours truly let go with fire call! Mess kits flew in all directions. Rookies or not, they sure knew their fire call. Buddy, that fire was out in no time. Then I nearly passed out! Before you could say Black Jack I was surrounded like the Lost Battalion.

I'd swear that officer of the day was actually frothing at the mouth. "Who

the hell ordered you to blow that call?" he roared at me. "No one, sir!" I stammered. Someone touched me on the shoulder. I whirled about as General Brett broke through that mob and faced me. "Bugler, I want to commend you on your alertness. Good work! We'll win this war in no time if we keep our eyes open that way!"—EDWARD L. WORKMASTER, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

RULES OF CONTEST: The American Legion Monthly will pay \$500 monthly: A first prize of \$100 for what, in the opinion of the editors, is the best story submitted, \$50 each for the next two, \$25 each for the next four, and \$10 each for the next twenty. Contributions submitted will be judged not by their literary finish or lack of it, but by the quality and interest of their contents. No contributions will be returned, nor can the editors of the Monthly (whose decision will in all cases be final) enter into a correspondence about them. Contributions need not be typewritten, though typewriting is preferred. Don't send pictures! Address Big Moment Contest, The American Legion Monthly, 521 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Submit as many stories as you like, but do not enclose more than one story in a single envelope. Write on one side of the sheet only, and put name and address in upper right-hand corner of each sheet. Additional instalments will appear in succeeding numbers until further notice.

A Union Soldier With The A. E. F.

(Continued from page 1)

region I had mixed the dough for and fried more than a thousand doughnuts in one day to go to the trenches that night, so I was ready for anything. I cooked those doughnuts over a charcoal fire in a kettle that would hold only twelve at a time.

Things were pretty busy around Mandres, with the Boche shelling the place twice a day quite regularly and our artillery replying with gusto. The village was the last station from which fighting lines advanced to the actual front or last line of defense dugouts. I never stuck my head out of the cellar, or my dugout, without a steel helmet on it, and the gas mask was always close at hand. On rainy days the cellar would be packed, as it was dry and safe, which could not be said for many of the soldiers' billets. We kept the checker games going and the coffee hot, encouraged singing, led a gospel meeting now and then when no chaplain was present and, all in all, tried to

make the boys comfortable and cheerful.

My daily routine there was about like this: Get up around 8 A. M., go to the wine cellar and start the day's work, help build the fire, get the coffee ready for the boys, wash the soiled dishes, clear the table of nut-shells, orange peelings and jam cans, put the counter in order, open up new goods, show the boys how to fry eggs, listen to their accounts of the past night wherever they may have been stationed, cook my own breakfast, somewhere about nine or ten o'clock—oatmeal and a couple of eggs perhaps, with coffee. Then no time to eat again until about four o'clock, when something easily prepared, like hardtack and a box of sardines, made a dinner.

I was often introduced to gatherings of soldiers as the only Civil War veteran, so far as known, in war service in France. The boys called me Dad, which gave me license to talk to them as a real dad would. It was a pleasure to cheer up the

grandsons of men who had fought with me in '64 and '65.

It has been suggested to me that members of The American Legion might be interested in a comparison of the Civil War and A. E. F. soldiers by one who had seen both in actual service. There was much difference between them because of the conditions under which they fought, but no difference in courage and valor.

Your Civil War soldier knew nothing of trench warfare, of dugouts, of gas and gas masks, of machine guns, of aircraft, of motor transport. He often slept without shelter, thinking himself lucky to have a blanket to cover him on the ground. His fighting was done in the open, on the surface, and he usually saw his enemy. Often his work was at close quarters. He wore mustache and beard, as a rule, because, being very often a mere boy, he thought they made him look older, manlier and maybe fiercer

and also because convenient shaving tools weren't available to him. His fighting was more spectacular. In several months close to an active front in France I never saw a flag or a banner. That was a night war, with all movements made in the dark and nothing displayed that might attract the enemy's notice.

I saw the Civil War soldier in action in units of various size over a wide area for long periods and the A. E. F. soldier only when off duty and as an individual. My impression is that the Civil War soldier was a better disciplined one and that there was more fellowship then between men and officers than in the A. E. F. I think there was less bitterness of personal feeling, of enmity, between the opposing sides in the Civil War than in the World War. Then, too, the Civil War soldier as I knew him and recall him was, with exceptions, not a fault-finder, whereas the A. E. F. man was much of a grumbler, though a good-natured one; his seeming disapproval of things as they were was on the surface—at bottom he was all to the good.

What of a comparison between the Grand Army of the Republic and The American Legion? In one sense, it is rather hard to compare them because the Grand Army for many decades has been made up of old men, while the Legion is a young organization. But they have certain basic features in common. The Grand Army's fundamental practice of making membership open to enlisted men and officers is also one of the Legion's, and the latter's democracy is further expressed in treating home and overseas service alike.

The Legion grows more stable with age. When it shall have achieved its immediate objectives, such as those affecting disabled veterans and dependents of veterans, it will have many years ahead for devotion to community, state and national interests of the whole people. Its activities in schools and elsewhere in teaching patriotism are well known, conducted often in conjunction with the Grand Army. The influence of the Grand Army in promotion of good causes has been largely in local communities and within state lines. I observe with satisfaction the interest of the Legion in national objectives and especially its growing tendency to regard the support and promotion of education as a vital and permanent activity.

I am now the only Civil War veteran in Sterling, Illinois, the last survivor of Will Robinson Post, G.A.R. Members of Sterling Post of the Legion have made me feel that I am one of them. We speak together in the schools, march together in Memorial Day parades. There are two boys here, one in Sterling and the other in Rock Falls adjacent to it, who served under fire from Montsec. The three of us chummed together over there and ran for cover when the guns began to shoot.



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Champion of Champions

(Continued from page 33)

Due to the untiring zeal of Legionnaire Brown Wilson of Gastonia those who held tickets were able to see everything there was to see, without anyone crowding in front of them. In deep left and left center fields the slope from the fence to the level surface is at perhaps a four to six degree angle, and a ball hit on to this slope will go for either a double or a triple. In the final game, with some thirteen thousand people in attendance, this hill was almost filled with spectators, causing a ground rule to be adopted limiting to two bases any safe hit dropping on the hill. Beyond the fence, from porches of houses, from a knoll and from groaning limbs of trees half a thousand non-paying devotees watched each game. It's safe to say that they would have been inside if they'd had the price.

For six innings the first game was a closely contested battle, with the home team showing only a bit of an edge in offensive strength. But in the seventh and eighth the combination of five hits, four bases on balls and an error sent in six runs and Gastonia finished the game on the long end of a 10-4 score. Sacramento was a bit unsteady in the field in this game, and when its fine shortstop, Cole, was accidentally spiked and its star pitcher, Red Wakefield, was unable to locate the plate in the final stages of the contest, the eastern lads, displaying some marvelous fielding ability to go with their hitting and a star pitcher in Sokie Dellinger, would not be denied.

The next day, when overcast skies held the attendance to 6000, the Californians fared even worse, for with Cole out of the game the Westerners played raggedly in the field and were able to pick up but four hits off Bobby Hamilton, second string pitcher for Gastonia, while the hometown boys nicked Red Wakefield and Keenan for twelve, and won the game,

eight to one. It was a pretty grim set of boys who rode back to their quarters at the Armington Hotel and wrote letters and postal cards to their relatives and friends back home. They figured that they had got all the tough breaks and they were pretty sore at fate and at themselves.

The third game, scheduled for Thursday, was washed out by rain, and when the next day dawned clear Legionnaire Edgar (Scotty) Feran, manager of the Sacramento boys, and Coach William Avila decided that since it was a case of do or die they'd pitch Red Wakefield again. It seemed as if fortune was at last smiling on Sacramento, for they picked up three runs in the first two innings to surprise the overflow crowd of 13,000, while the home team was getting only one run. But in the third inning Gastonia turned on the heat with five hits and three runs, and followed it up with another run in the fourth and three in the seventh. With the game apparently salted away to the tune of 8-3 the fans in the outfield reaches started making for the gates.

But the game was far from over. Before Gastonia was able to get a man out in the eighth the Sacramento youths had poled out four hits, and when after one man had gone out Bertolini, the catcher, slammed out a three bagger and came home on Dutra's single, the score was tied and now Gastonia was in hot water. Sokie Dellinger had been replaced on the mound by his brother Marion, captain of the team and regular center fielder, before anyone was out and now after giving a base on balls and making a wild pitch Marion was facing men on third and second and only one out. But those two didn't see home, for the relief pitcher struck out one man and made the other hoist to the second baseman for the third out. In their half of the eighth the

Gastonians, combining three hits with two errors, produced four runs and salted away the game and the championship of the world. That meant acquiring the Howard P. Savage Junior Baseball Trophy, as well as a trip to the big World Series opening games. The Schumann-Heink Trophy, emblematic of outstanding sportsmanship, went to Red Wakefield, the Sacramento pitcher. On its way home the Sacramento squad had the opportunity of seeing the St. Louis Cardinals play the Cincinnati Reds at the home field of the Ohio team. To these boys of less than seventeen this trip to the East and its experiences will be something to talk about for many years to come.

On its way up to the finals Gastonia's opponents in the Eastern Sectional at Charlotte were East Lynn (Massachusetts), Bridgeport (Connecticut), Plains (Pennsylvania), Royal Oak (Michigan), and Carrollton (Georgia). In the final game there the Gastonia lads beat Carrollton by a score of 10-6 before a crowd of nearly 10,000 people.

The Sacramento team's rivals in the Western Sectional at Stockton were Sunnyside (Washington), Denver (Colorado), St. Paul (Minnesota), Chicago (Illinois), and Tulsa (Oklahoma). In the final match of the sectional the youngsters from the California capital whipped Tulsa, 14 to 4, before 3,500 people. By taking this game the Sacramento boys won a silver trophy given by Joe E. Brown, the movie star and baseball fan.

As a spectacle this year's Junior World Series was superb. As a practical lesson in sportsmanship, in developing the kind of citizenship that will make America a greater nation in the years to come, the entire program, involving 400,000 boys and thousands of Legion sponsors it was also a conspicuous success.

Rendezvous with Death

(Continued from page 29)

down, face into the wind. The gale's strength kept his eyelids peeled back.

"Scotty!" he yelled. The wind swept away his call. He half straightened and the gale's impact picked him up, hurled him with stunning force against a palmetto. He clung to the bole with all his strength.

A bolt of lightning lit the blackness. In that flash he saw Mike. A two-by-four had pierced Mike through the chest. Scotty was gone and a thousand objects hurtled past, riding the wind of destruction.

Bill clung to the palmetto. Another lightning flash. He saw it coming, the

water. Picked up by the suction of the terrific circular wind, the sea rushed at him, a fifteen-foot wall of white, seething foam. Frantically he clutched at the tree, wrapped legs around it. The surging wave hit him with the impact of a bullet. Flooded over him, choking him. Desperately he worked up the palmetto to get above the surface. He found then that the palmetto was no longer vertical, but horizontal. It had been uprooted and he was floating swiftly he knew not where.

The wind brought him yells and screams. "Give me a hand, Bud, I'm drowning."

"Oh, God, I'm hurt. Somebody help me!"

A lightning flash revealed two men being swept swiftly past the tree.

One yelled, "If I don't see you again, Shorty, so long."

Bill understood now. The tidal wave was receding. He was being washed out to sea. He cast loose, swam frantically. And over him the hurricane screamed, and the lash of the waters was in his ears. . . .

THE pale sun of Tuesday's dawn touched with gold the orange caps of

a half hundred American Legionnaires of Dade County who had gathered on the edge of raging Snake Creek which separated them from the veterans' camps on the Keys where the hurricane had wrought its will. Mobilized by the swift action of Leonard Thompson, chairman of disaster relief, with no other agency yet working, they were watching now four Legionnaires risk their lives in trying to swim, one tied to the other, to carry a line across the swirling torrent whose bridge had been swept away by the tidal wave. Twice they tried, only to be drawn back, choking and half-drowned.

Louis T. McCarthy, acting commander of Harvey Seeds Post, was sending orders for equipment. Small boats and outboard motors were needed; food and water (no water on these keys) medical supplies, stretchers, ambulances, trucks, ropes, lanterns.

"Hurry!" he said, "the poor devils are cut off from help until we can get across Snake Creek. Many will die unless we get there quickly."

The job was strictly up to the Legion disaster organization. The National Guard was not called out until noon. And five hundred Legionnaires were mobilized by then. S. S. McCahill, past commander of Harvey Seeds Post, convoyed the loaded trucks south and by seven o'clock that night seven outboard boats were plying across Snake Creek, getting out the injured and bringing cheer and food to the survivors. The Legionnaires worked the faster for knowing there were buddies over there. Every Legion post within a hundred miles sent working parties — Hollywood Post, Miami Beach, Coral Gables, Homestead, North Miami, Coconut Grove, Hialeah, and other Dade County Posts.

Bonfires of palmetto leaves sent swirling clouds of smoke into the sky, their sullen orange flames lighting the frantic work of maintaining a ferry service in flat-bottomed boats across the treacherous currents.

Ten Legionnaires of Harvey Seeds Post constituted the first rescuing party to cross Snake Creek. Armed with gas lanterns they began to search the ruins of FERA Camp Number One. Like dancing fireflies their lanterns moved through the smashed desolation of absolute ruin.

Dead everywhere! A veteran, naked save for belt and sox, and battered by the missiles the shrieking wind had carried. Strange sights they saw. A squealing monkey, tied fast, quite mad, biting the hand that tried to free him. And a Ford coupe, half-buried in debris, its windows rolled up, and inside a frantic wire-haired terrier, quite insane and near to death.

Coming to the spot where the camp had been, the advance party saw the first survivors, grouped around a small fire. They jumped at the sight of help. They had been quiet, starry-eyed at their memories. But at sight of the orange caps the natives burst (Continued on page 46)



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THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

Rendezvous with Death

(Continued from page 45)

into hysterical tears. The few veterans—too few—lifted their shoulders as they might have done nineteen years ago when they were being relieved at the front.

They were evacuated north to the boats and trucked to Miami hospitals. Meanwhile Harvey Seeds Post's clubhouse was filled with women and children who had survived the hurricane.

The Legion party worked south, finger-printing the dead before the sun had its will of them, tagging them where found, making the work easier for the other Legionnaires who followed. The Legionnaires came in relays bringing water and food, bringing stretchers for bodies twisted by the fury of the wind—making first-aid bandages as they once did during the war, rescuing men and women from beneath the ruins of once-whole buildings.

Scores of refugees that night owed their lives to the speed and precision of the Legion disaster relief. By midnight a steady stream of boats was carrying survivors across Snake Creek. Here the Auxiliaries, mobilized during the day, served food and hot coffee. Never had the Legion been called upon to function under such strange conditions, relieving men trapped on islands barely protruding above water. But the men of the nine Dade County Posts and the volunteers from Ft. Lauderdale and Hollywood met the emergency as they had met another in 1926.

Toward dawn the advance Legion

party reached Whale Harbor, and had here to wait for boats to ferry them to Upper Matecumba. It was sickening to wait there, knowing wartime buddies were on that green islet, many dead, no doubt, but many more hurt and already trapped thirty-six hours in the debris, who could be saved.

The party struggled back over impassable roads, finally to get a boat and reach Islamorada. Here the full fury of the circular wind had vented itself, and even the vegetation had been torn up and swept away. In the warm light of another dawn the place was desolate as if swept by a barrage. The dead were thick upon the ground.

Here, too, the rescuing party came upon the wreckage of the eight-coach train that had been sent—too late by hours—to evacuate the veterans and civilians from the death trap. Weighing hundreds of tons, these heavy steel coaches had been tumbled from the track by the hurricane as if they were matchsticks, blown hundreds of feet away, and arrayed in wild confusion.

The advance party searched the coaches and found five dead veterans, drowned by the tidal wave that overwhelmed them even when safety seemed at hand. Here beyond the ruins of the Islamorada station the party came upon survivors who knew not why they lived. A veteran with a broken back. Another with a pole crushing his leg. And everywhere, stick-

ing out of the silt and debris the arms, legs and torsos of veterans who had survived machine guns and shells and battles to die here trapped beyond escape.

First-aid parties pushed closely behind the advance party, and scores of injured men and women were released from ruined homes or fallen trees who otherwise might have died. The dead were moving back, too, by now; thirty-nine bodies of the eventual 228 known dead were neatly aligned at Snake Creek's edge, waiting until the living had been evacuated.

The Legionnaires pushed on south bringing water to survivors who had not tasted a drop in forty-eight hours.

At length toward nightfall, still working toward Camp Three, the advance party of Legionnaires came upon the naked body of a man stretched out as if still groping futilely for something that had eluded him for a lifetime.

"He's a veteran," one said. "Look at those shrapnel scars."

The advance party stared at the scarred torso, sensing the irony of those healed wounds and this journey's end. One of the Legionnaires bent down to take fingerprints, another to affix a tag by a string around the neck. A silence fell.

Presently, "Funny," muttered one, "he's got a sort of puzzled look on his face. Close his eyes."

But nothing puzzled Bill Brown any more. The hurricane had seen to that.

The Man for Minnie

(Continued from page 9)

recall our Old Man in the *Chesapeake*? He was fond of us and proud of us, was he not? He was. Well, he's a full admiral now and what's more, he's Chief of Naval Operations. He's high, low and jack-in-the-game. Where did you enlist last?

"New York Navy Yard, sir."

"God is with us, Reedy. In three months you'll be discharged and given transportation back to the New York Navy Yard. 'Tis but a hop, skip and a jump to Washington, where you'll pay a visit to the Chief of Naval Operations and unload on him the sad tale of these murdering Russians. He'll be interested. He's a human old villain and he'll give you his promise to co-operate. The promise given, what do you do? You ask him to assign you a naval constructor and give you carte blanche at the New York Navy Yard or Portsmouth or wherever you can get a new barge built. In length, beam, draught and displacement she must be the standard Navy barge, but you must sweeten her lines."

"Hah," says I. "So you still have that Kanaka boat in the back of your mind, Mr. Bayliss?"

"I have. She was built as close to a regulation Naval barge as her coffee-colored genius of a designer and builder could make her, but—she had something different. We took off her lines one night and that was a long time ago. I still have them. Take them and see to it that you get a good man who knows how to use them. The shop will be yours when the Chief of Naval Operations gives the word. Try out a standard model in the tank, then try out our model—and be sure ours is faster. Then have the Chief of Naval Operations send you from one battleship to the other in the Atlantic Fleet and there, for six months, you will watch and study and when you see an outstanding crew find out the best man in that crew and mark him down. Pick a few extra to fill in, in case of accident. When you're ready, tell the Chief of Naval Operations, and he'll pluck you and your barge and

every last man jack you want out of the Atlantic Fleet and order you out to the *Pittsburgh* on the Asiatic Station. Incidentally, I'm on the *Pittsburgh*. The rest will happen."

"Have those Russian bandits challenged the *Pittsburgh*, sir?"

"They have—and as athletic officer of the ship, I declined the challenge, telling them we had an indifferent barge crew but that when I was ready to take a reasonable chance, the race would be arranged."

"In eleven months I joined the *Pittsburgh* at Hong Kong, with twelve of the best oarsmen in the Atlantic Fleet. And I had the new barge with me. Everything had turned out exactly as Monk Bayliss had foretold. He had the new men strip and the doctors went over them. 'Perfect, all of them,' was the verdict and I saw Monk Bayliss' eyes glisten with pride, as he looked at my broad-shouldered, long-backed men with rangy bodies and thin legs and arms like lengths of steel

cable. The next day, at slack water, with the harbor as smooth as a table, he put the *Pittsburgh's* old barge and crew over-side and my crew and the new barge followed. I'd kept my crew in light training all the way out and they'd been in the pink when we started for China, so I knew they were fit for a mile and a half trial race. It was good to find myself at a tiller again and beating time. I was born with a judgment of pace and you could measure the time between beats with a stop watch and never vary a fifth of a second.

"Well, we walked away from the regular crew, and Monk Bayliss smacked his lips. 'We have a superior crew, Ham,' says he—once in a while he'd forget discipline and call me that—and tomorrow we'll see if you've brought the superior barge I sent you after, although as God is my judge I dare any man to tell, with his naked eye, that she differs a hair's breadth from the regulation model.'

"So the next night we put the old crew in the new barge and the new crew raced them in the old barge. Where we'd easily beat the old crew in the old barge eight lengths before, we were hard put to it to beat them by two lengths in the new barge. And again Monk Bayliss smacked his lips. 'We've got the Russians now, Ham,' says he. 'We've got the lucky devils—and the faintest sweetening of the lines of the underbody, the faintest hardening of the bilges to keep her stiff, has placed the laurel wreath of victory where it belongs.'

"We loafed up to Shanghai and anchored off the Bund; within half an hour the Russian barge came down river, circled around our bows and up-ended their oars in a challenge. 'Be off with you,' Monk Bayliss called to them. 'I'm trying out some new men and until we know we have a fighting chance against you champions, 'tis futile to ask us to hand over our pay day to you. We'll be back in a month or six weeks; come down then and maybe we'll talk it over.'

"I felt now that I could afford to consider Miss Minerva McAndrews so I took a forty-eight-hour leave next morning and rode a ricksha eight miles out to the edge of Shanghai, dismissed the man, hired another and arrived in the village of Liu-Ho about noon. There was the red brick mission standing off to one side of the usual filthy stinking Chinese town, and the American flag floating over it, and there was a tall, liverish, sad-faced civilian standing by the pillared gate as I hopped out. 'Good-day, sir,' I greeted him. 'I'm Chief Bosun's Mate Hamilton J. Reedy of the U. S. S. *Pittsburgh* and I am calling on Miss Minerva McAndrews.'

"At whose invitation?" says the sad-faced man.

"Not giving you a short answer, mister, but it's none of your business. Miss McAndrews invited me.'

"I'm her father," says he, 'and I veto that invitation.' He seemed to think that was all there was to it. Because he was her father, I (Continued on page 49)



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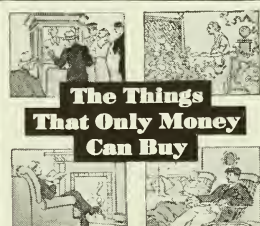
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Bursts and Duds

Conducted by Dan Sowers



DISTRICT Commander Lee Terry Williams, of Amite, Louisiana, writes about a colored man who was arrested on the charge of having in his possession a twenty-gallon liquor still. At the examining trial before the U. S. Commissioner, he was asked:

"Is this the first time you've been caught?"

"No, sir, Mr. Commissioner," was the grinning reply. "This is the last time."

THE World War aviator had his young son with him to see the National Air Show in Cleveland. The line between the field and spectators was patrolled by mounted police.

At a moment when all necks were bent backward and a hundred thousand pairs of eyes were strained on a thrilling delayed parachute jump the young hopeful yanked his father's coat tail and cried:

"Gee, daddy! Ain't that policeman got a swell horse?"

FROM New England, we learn that certain traffic posts carry the sign:

DRIVE CAREFULLY
DEATH IS PERMANENT

COMRADE Ellis Van der Pyle tells about a boy returning from the oculist's and showing an admiring little sister his first spectacles.

"You know," he said. "I don't have to wear them always—just for close work."

"What is close work?"

"Oh—er—er—eatin' and so on."

THE marble tournament was on in full fury. One little boy had missed an easy shot, and let slip a real man-sized oath.

"Edward!" called a preacher from the spectators' bench. "What do little boys who swear when they are playing marbles turn into?"

"Golfers," was the reply.



FROM Helen Bernard, we get one about the teacher giving a general knowledge test. She had just received her pay envelope, and after removing

the money, held it up for the class to see.

"What is this?" she asked.

"A pay envelope," said a little girl.

"And what did it contain?"

"Money," the little girl answered. "Your salary."

"That's correct," said the teacher. "Now, do any of you wish to ask a question?"

"Please, Miss Penelope," said a boy who had been studying the envelope in silence, "where do you work?"

DR. F. R. HENSHAW, Legionnaire and Dean of the Indiana University School of Dentistry, tells a story about a colored woman who had been having trouble with an ulcerated tooth. It was some time before she got up enough courage to go to a dentist. Finally, when she did go for treatment, and the dentist touched the tooth, she let out a loud scream.

"Now, just be quiet," said the doctor.

"You know I'm a painless dentist."

"Yes, suh!" replied the patient. "Maybe you-all is painless, but I ain't."



THE transport was shoving off for the Orient, relates former Marine John Dervin, Past Department Treasurer of Pennsylvania.

Two little flappers were waving good-byes from the dock.

"I think it's a shame," said one, "to send all those nice Marines to China. What will they do there?"

"What'll they do!" replied the other.

"Ain't you ever been out with a Marine?"

ALL the pupils were ready to begin with the written test.

"Where's your pencil, Wally?" asked the teacher.

"I ain't got one, teacher."

"How many times have I told you not to say that? Listen—I haven't one, you haven't one, we haven't one, they haven't—"

"Well," said Wally, "where are all the pencils?"

AND Dr. J. E. Offner, Superintendent of the Western State Hospital, in West Virginia, tells about a man calling on a doctor and being given an examination and directions as to what he should do. The man abruptly started to leave the office.

"Just a minute," called the doctor. "You haven't paid me."

"Pay you for what?"

"For my advice," said the doctor.

"Oh, no, I'm not going to pay for that!" replied the man. "I'm not going to take it."



FRED CONDUCT, former National Publicity Director, gives us a yarn about a young St. Louis editor who was having his first visit to Hollywood.

He was invited out to a party and decided to shed his usual reserve. He devoted his attentions throughout the evening to a young actress.

"I will be wild and rowdy," he told himself. "I will behave with all the abandon for which Hollywood is noted."

He did his darnedest, playing the role of a rowdy to the limit of his capacity. Finally the young woman with him began to weep.

The young editor asked the cause of her distress, and through the tears she said:

"I've been here nearly a year, and you're the first fellow that's behaved to me like a gentleman."

COMRADE Harry Moses writes us about a boy who could not pronounce the letter "r" correctly. His teacher, trying to improve the lad's speech, asked him to repeat after him:

"Robert gave Richard a rap in the ribs for roasting the rabbit so rare."

After a moment's thought, the boy said: "Bobby gave Dick a poke in the side for not cooking the bunny enough."

THE townsfolk were entertaining the visiting Congressman at a banquet.

Seated next to him was a rather strong-minded woman, who had badgered him beyond human endurance with a continual barrage of political questions. Finally she remarked: "And there is the question of water conservation. Why doesn't the Congress adopt a far more vigorous policy? What, for example, are you waiting for now?"

"At the present moment," replied the Congressman, "I'm waiting for the salad."



THE waterpipe had sprung a leak in the bathroom. The head of the house dispatched his young son for the plumber, and attempted to stem the leaking

flow with his hands. Suddenly his wife burst into the bathroom and said:

"You can take your hand off that leak now!"

"Thank heavens!" he exclaimed. "Has the plumber arrived?"

"No," was the answer. "The house is on fire!"

The Man for Minnie

(Continued from page 47)

hesitated to tell him things, while he looked me over and murmured, 'Reedy, Reedy? Weren't you coxswain of the old *Chesapeake's* barge? I was chaplain on her but resigned.'

"I never knew your name in those days, Mr. McAndrews, but I remember we all cheered when you left."

"You were a godless young wretch then and I have a feeling you're a godless wretch now, although old enough to know better. Clear out."

"I tried to tell him I hadn't rolled my lee rail under since my first enlistment, that I'd saved my money and had eight thousand with the paymaster drawing interest, but he waved me off. 'Navy men are the devil's spawn,' he yelled. 'En-listened men or officers, they're the devil's spawn.'"

"I've been three years up river with some other devil's spawn and have helped save quite a number of missionaries from bandits, mister."

"You shall not see my daughter," says the Reverend, 'and there's an end to it. I've dedicated her to The Word.'"

"So she told me a year ago, but I have a notion it didn't take, and I brushed by him into the compound. From over in the veranda Minnie rose up and waved at me. 'Hello, sailor, you've been a long time coming.'"

"And he'll be a shorter time going," her old man piped up like a mean old horse, and commenced howling in Chinese. Eight young Chinese men came boiling out and Minnie called to them in Chinese and told them things, for they stood still and looked at me, while Minnie came over and put out her hand. 'Give a feller a kiss, Minnie,' I whispered. 'For two reasons. I've thought of nothing else much for a year and besides it'll be emery dust in your old man's bearings.'"

"I think we had better not do that, Mr. Reedy," she says, 'although I do not deny that to do it would give me a sinful pleasure. I'll never get over your keeping your promise and calling, but perhaps you'd better go now. Father is going to sic the dogs on you.'"

"I turned to her old man. 'Eight coolies aren't enough, Reverend. Better call up the reserves.'"

"Reverend McAndrews said 'Sow-si, sowey-hun-gay' and the eight closed in. I grabbed the leader around the waist, lifted him and threw him into the push behind him. Three went down, so I kept picking up Chinamen and setting them down and after they had all been down and up the third time they retreated in disorder, and I made a dive for Minnie's old man. Somehow, I'd acquired a dislike for him. He ran into the mission and I put my arm around Minnie and kissed her."

"Darling," says Minnie, 'I fell in love with you that night at the boat landing on

the Bund. Why conceal the fact? I'd never been in love before and I doubt if I'll ever be in love again. I'm not cut out for a missionary; mother's dead and sometimes I think my father is a little bit balm on religion. His is a militant brand of faith. Now then, angel, give me the answer to this problem. If a chief bosun's mate can knock out three husky, fighting, biting, kicking Russian bluejackets in five minutes, how many coolies can he knock out in one minute.'"

"A thousand," says I, for my blood was up. I felt like swimming a bloody river for Minnie."

"Well, here come a dozen or more."

"Only a sample, sweetheart," says I and made for them as they came boiling out. While I was assaulting their center, various and sundry young men got round my flanks, and while in the end I shook the pack off, my face was scratched and bloody and my new suit of whites hung on me in festoons. I wished I had a cut-lass."

"Quick," says Minnie. 'Follow me,' and she led me outside the compound and around to a barn. A Mongolian pony was standing saddled at the hitchrack. 'Mount him—he's mine,' says Minnie. 'You could never escape in a ricksha hauled by a coolie that's trotted all the way out from the Shanghai city limits.' She kissed me again and gave me a leg up."

"Sailor on horseback and hell to pay," says I, and away I went. I'd never ridden a horse before and I clung to everything he had. Two miles down the road, what with weakness and aches and pains all over, I fell off, and the pony turned and galloped back to the mission. Fighting a coolie gang is one thing but a Mongolian pony is something else. I was abed for three days and the old man had me at the mast and made me explain my condition and admonished me and but for a few kind words from Monk Bayliss I'd have lost my rating for coming aboard drunk and battered and my uniform in ribbons."

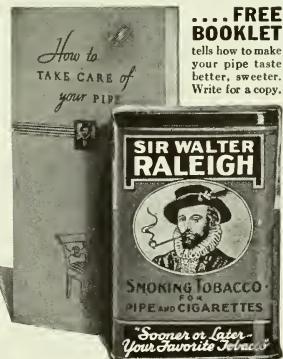
"Well, we went up to Chinkiang and trained the crew and our chief medical officer superintended their diet. After the sou'west monsoon broke and the hot north China summer was over we put the barge overside every day at slack water and at the end of six weeks Monk Bayliss and I knew our crew was fit, that the Russian crew had never before rowed against such men and would not do so again, and when Monk so reported to the old man, we dropped down to Shanghai and anchored off the Bund. While we had been away, the Russian outfit had cleaned up an Italian crew, two French crews and one British, winning from the Briton by half a length in the hardest race they'd ever (Continued on page 50)

FATAL FUMES FOILED



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It's 15¢—AND IT'S Milder

The Man for Minnie

(Continued from page 49)

rowed. This was the *Orlando* and up at Hangchow we'd beaten that crew a length, with the *Pittsburgh's* original crew and the old barge. So we knew our favorite dish was caviar.

"The hook wasn't down an hour when the Russian crew came down the river, crossed our bows and up-ended their oars. A gig with officers was with them. So we had them aboard and the challenge was accepted—three miles for three hundred dollars gold per oar.

"The civilians expected the Russians to win handily, and so it was no job at all for me, working through Monk Bayliss, to get down the eight thousand dollars gold that represented my savings of twelve years—every cent I had in the world. Monk got it down in sections, and at various odds, but they averaged three for my one.

"There was plenty of excitement Saturday afternoon at four o'clock as the two crews got ready for the race. Everybody in Shanghai had a bet down on one or the other crew, and it seemed they were all on hand to see that there was no dirty work.

"We came up to the line, slowly, as even as could be and at the crack of the gun the Russian crew dipped, stood half up, pulled and sat down again; with the weight of their big bodies, plus the strength of their arms, they had a length on us while you'd be spitting to leeward. And a beat of forty! I wasn't worried. I knew they couldn't keep it up, that they were up to their old trick of sprinting at the start, then slowing the beat, letting the competitor crawl up, and sprinting again.

"I let them sprint and the *Pittsburgh* crew settled to their long, powerful stroke at a beat of thirty-six. Monk Bayliss had forbidden me calling the beat. Instead he'd fastened a little Malay drum to the bottom of the barge, with an arrangement whereby I could tap it with my foot. Plunk! Plunk! Plunk! it went—and advertised the beat to the enemy, which, on the face of it, didn't look like good busi-

ness, and I told Monk Bayliss so. 'Never mind, Ham,' says he, 'before this race is over that drum will be plunking on the very souls of them; they'll be thinking it the drum of death.'

"At the half mile the pace was unchanged and the Russ crew led by three lengths. At the mile, they led by four lengths and I knew now they had to settle to the job and decrease their beat. They did—and I slid up to thirty-eight and was two lengths behind them at the two-mile marker. In the next half mile, with the Russians on a thirty-eight beat and wishing to high heaven it was thirty-four, I dropped back to thirty-six—and held my position. And they could hear the drum plunk, plunk, plunking and knew what my beat was—and it worried them . . . They must have envied the *Pittsburgh's* crew sitting tight while they half stood and then fell back to get more beef on the stroke.

"With a half mile to go I stepped up to thirty-eight and the bow of our barge came even with the stern of theirs. They stepped up to forty and I followed suit and crept up on them. And then their weary stroke oar fumbled; on the return stroke Number Eight fouled the stroke oar and we slipped past.

"Monk Bayliss had taught me one Russian expression—and I yelled across to them—'Good Night' in Russian.

"And the Slav temperament cooked their goose! Those thrifty lads thought of the odds their shipmates had given us, of the terrible money loss, of the disgrace that they might be to their sovereign, of the howls and curses with which they'd be received by their shipmates—and their smooth rhythm broke into short chops, their coxswain howling at them and the stroke oar slowing up because his heart was like to burst. They couldn't maintain their beat and as our stern cleared their bow and a mighty cheer went up from both banks, I knew that Monk Bayliss had won the race with his infernal psychology.

"Our rhythm never faltered—and my

little Malay drum was plunk, plunk, plunking fear and wild excitement into a people that can't stand sudden unexpected reverses without blowing up. A quarter of a mile from the finish and leading by four lengths at a beat of thirty-eight, I took my foot off the drum and beat time with my hand—thirty-four—and the Russian men came up on us fast; their coxswain thought we were done in and his crew took heart of hope when he stepped the beat up to forty. As they came abreast of us, I saw their stroke oar topple over on his face.

"'Good night! Good night!' I yelled at them in Russian, stepped up to thirty-eight and slid home winner by three-quarters of a length when, if I'd cared to, I could have won by six lengths. But that was some more of Monk Bayliss' psychology.

"We pulled over to our ship and as we came up the gangway the Old Man shook hands with each of us and slapped our bare, sweaty backs and, by God, it was good to be alive and healthy and the champions of the Asiatic Station. Monk Bayliss forgot he was an officer and a gentleman and hugged me and I saw he'd been crying with excitement. Well, after all, he might have done worse than hug a chief petty officer with an honorable record. He danced me off to one side.

"'Ham, you old devil,' he says, 'I have a surprise for you. I knew you'd be taking that barge crew of yours out to Liu-ho with you tomorrow, because His Reverend Nibs licked you the last time and you're not such a fool as to call again without adequate reinforcements. So I induced our chaplain to engage in dirty work. His wife's living in Shanghai while he's on station, so when I told him about you and Minnie, that grand human being drove out to the mission the day before yesterday with his missus and called on Reverend McAndrews. Of course Minnie's pa received our chaplain with a total lack of suspicion and the courtesy due the cloth, and our chaplain's missus fell in love with Minnie and just raised

THE American Legion Monthly has been receiving many requests for reproductions of its cover paintings in a form suitable for framing. Arrangements have been made to supply them. You may obtain a reproduction of the cover



appearing on this issue by sending ten cents in stamps or coin to the Cover Print Department, The American Legion Monthly, Indianapolis, Indiana. The print is in full color and of the same size as the cover design, but is without lettering.

hell until McAndrews consented to let them bring her back to Shanghai with them to see the great international barge race. Minnie got some nice new clothes in a hurry and she's aboard—had to see you polish off the champions, of course. Are you going to let Minnie go back to teaching Chinese kids the Ten Commandments, when she knows damned well it's all water over the dam? Are you going to let her crack-pot father—our chaplain says he's a sort of mad dog of Christianity—ruin her life?

"Not with me the possessor of thirty-odd thousand dollars, sir."

"I thought so. Well, take a shower and get into your whites because the chaplain and his lady and Minnie are going to have tea with you in the petty officers' mess."

"When I came on deck again, Monk Bayliss grabbed me. 'The Russian chaps can't believe it, Ham,' he says. 'I thought they wouldn't—if our crew appeared to weaken at the finish and only won by half a length. They claim our barge isn't the regulation navy barge. That's because they see we have two barges. Usual exhibition of Slav sportsmanship, although I don't blame them, because they haven't known defeat in thirteen years. They want to take off the lines of our barge before they paid their bets.'

"I almost fainting. 'Who told them about that new barge, sir?'"

"Nobody. They haven't the slightest inkling about it, but they've built up an excuse to save their faces with their shipmates on the Russian ship. They're afraid to go home!"

"But you and I are the only two men in the world who know that our barge differs an inch here and there."

"Unfortunately, yes. When you arrived with the new barge, a letter arrived from the Chief of Naval Operations, saying he was sending an extra so our No. 1 crew could train by racing against our No. 2 crew. So because I knew our innocent Old Man would tell the Russians to take off her lines and be damned to him, I did a desperate thing. As athletic officer I butted in on the Old Man in a way that would, I knew, rejoice his heart. I challenged those Russians to another race next Saturday, they to use our barge and we to use theirs. And the fools have accepted and our bets are to be paid at once. Maybe they have a smart officer aboard who can tell with his naked eye that our barge is faintly different, although I doubt it. So we race them again next Saturday. Personally, I think it's a grand idea."

"Personally, I do not, Mr. Bayliss," says I.

"They get the drum," he warned me. "They must have a psychologist among them."

"I'll beat time with the wooden end of my tiller rope, sir, but I'll be shot if I'll bet a dime on the outcome. Not that I don't think we can beat them, but because the risk is too great. I've got

the money to make Minnie a happy woman and I'll not risk Minnie for the glory of the Navy."

"I'm going to bet every dollar I have at even money," he warned me, "and if you let me down you'll ruin me. Tell the men they're rowing for the private profit of the man that told you how to win the first race."

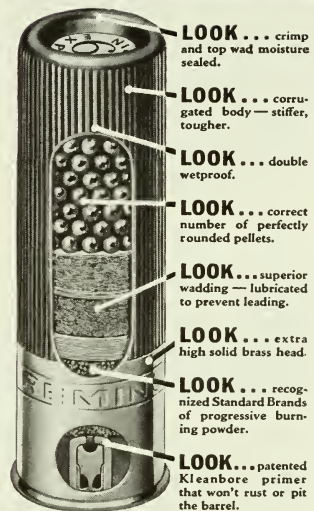
"If Minnie hadn't been in the petty officers' mess, I wouldn't have had any appetite for my tea. However, I recovered from the shock long enough to ask Minnie, in a whisper, would she marry me. And when she said she would and gladly, I stood up and announced our engagement to my shipmates. And the following Monday, at high noon, we were married on deck under the forward turret, with our chaplain tying the knot, and I put Minnie up at the Astor House and got back on my job next morning. But before I left her, Minnie told me things."

"'Ham, angel,' she says, 'if I thought I'd married a cautious man or a faint-hearted one I think my love would grow cold. You can beat those Russian men next Saturday and you'll accept all the bets that they offer you at even money. Tell your crew they're rowing for a wedding present for the coxswain's bride and see what they do.'

"So, sore against my will, but to please Minnie, I bet five thousand among the Russian crew (the civilians had had enough of me) and on the following Saturday at slack water, we raced them. And that was a barge race. No psychology. Just brawn and stamina. It was nip and tuck for three miles, with youth and superior condition and cool temperament bringing us to victory by half a barge length and my crew rowed out to such an extent that a launch had to tow us over to the *Pittsburgh* and their shipmates had to help my lads up the gangway. So our Old Man gave me a month's leave and I gave the family bank-roll to Minnie and we went up to Japan on our honeymoon. The only money I've had since is money I've earned. Minnie has a nose for real estate; she smells a boom and buys ahead of it and unloads before it busts. We'll leave our boys fifty thousand each when we shove off."

From the Reedy domicile on the upper deck came the sound of a drum. "That's the same little old Malay drum," said Ham Reedy. "Whenever my Minnie gets thinking about how happy and independent we are, with no rent and only eighty dollars a year taxes, and our two boys in the Naval Academy and doing well, and her flower garden in bloom, and a hundred thousand dollars to leave our boys when we shove off, and how healthy we are and the old-timers coming in to visit us, why—when Minnie gets to thinking about all those things she plays a little tattoo on that drum and it means that her heart's beating for me. Suppose we go up and visit Minnie. The sun's just about over the yard-arm and I want you to try one of her Singapore slings."

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Shoot and Eat

(Continued from page 31)

William C. McNinch. A post meeting without something good to eat afterward is mighty rare nowadays. Post mess sergeants are learning more and more how to hand out chow which will keep the boys in their seats until the colors are retired. They're serving such things as oyster stew, venison, rabbit, steak sandwiches, turtle soup—mighty good eating.

Pies By The Auxiliary

EACH year Sterling (Colorado) Post gives a banquet for its own members and the leading citizens of its community. Getting bigger each year, the 1935 dinner was one which would have delighted Paul Bunyan. Seven hundred guests were served and the *pièce de résistance* was buffalo meat. Eight hundred pounds of this was cooked and served by the post's mess detail. The Auxiliary did its part as usual by baking 175 pies for the dinner—the perfect pies such as only the Auxiliary can make.

Dorchester's 110-Foot Figure

ONE hundred and ten feet above Edward Everett Square in the Dorchester section of Boston rises a shining white flagpole, the American flag at its peak, a bronze tablet near its base. Dorchester citizens passing it proudly recall that All-Dorchester Post of The American Legion dedicated it, with a parade and exercises, on June 1, 1935, when the city celebrated its 305th anni-

versary. The tablet proclaims that the flagpole was dedicated by the post "to foster and perpetuate patriotism and love of country." In keeping with this sentiment, 2,000 Dorchester school children repeated in unison the oath of allegiance as the flag was raised for the first time. Post Commander Louis F. Capelle, in an address to the children and 10,000 citizens, called attention to the fact that the flagpole was the tallest in the city and was surrounded by historic buildings.

Just a Flagpole, but—

THE flagpole in front of Washington School in Harvey, Illinois, wasn't always there. It stands there today because the school children appealed to Harvey Post of The American Legion to build it. And, according to Legionnaire Ralph T. Patterson, the post learned about all there is to be known about flagpoles when it built it.

"We first learned that a pole must be higher than the school building," writes Mr. Patterson, "and that it must be correctly proportioned for windage and other elements. To get proper design, we enlisted the architectural department of the Whiting Corporation, and we'll gladly pass the details along to any post which sends a request to our post."

"The next problem was materials. From the wreckage of Chicago's World's Fair we got just the right kind of heavy pipe. A local concern hauled it to us free, and another concern gave us the ma-

terials for the cement base. One concern welded the pipe sections into a fifty-three foot pole and another moulded a hollow ball for the top. Still another nickel-plated and polished that ball. Legionnaires constructed the base and set in it a bronze plate bearing the post's name as donor. Hauling the fifty-three-foot pipe by truck was an important detail, and most important of all was the actual erection by a group of post members. An engineer-Legionnaire, forty-five years old, bossed the work and accomplished the hazardous job of climbing to the top and loosening the numerous ropes that had held up the pole.

"Today we see more than a flagpole. To us it is a symbol of Legion duty performed."

Roll Call

HERBERT M. STOOPS, who drew the cover for this issue, is a member of Jeff Feigl Post of New York City . . . Peter B. Kyne, was the first historian of the California Department . . . Philip Von Blon is a member of Wyandot Post of Upper Sandusky, Ohio . . . John J. Noll belongs to Capitol Post, Topeka, Kansas . . . Fred C. Painton is a member of William C. Morris Post of Fort Lauderdale, Florida . . . Alexander Gardiner belongs to George Alfred Smith Post, Fairfield, Connecticut . . . Dan Sowers's membership is in Greenville (Kentucky) Post.

PHILIP VON BLON

Watch the Whites of Their Eyes

(Continued from page 27)

Most modern scouts spend little time diagramming opponents' plays. They know that all plays are much alike and they watch for the little things that tell them what is coming. If they come back with a single significant detail, they will have done a more valuable job than if they turn in a whole sheaf of diagrams.

When I was coaching Georgetown in 1925 I assigned Frank Murray to watch Fordham. He reported that Manning, the Fordham line-bucker, always shuffled his feet to get a new grip on the ground when his signal was called. If true, this was a valuable tip, for Manning had been running over every line he had met and we were much concerned about what he was going to do to us. Accordingly I sent Herb Kopf, my present assistant at Columbia, to check on Murray's report.

He spent an entire afternoon watching Manning's feet and decided that the give-away was infallible. Having made

sure, I told our team about it. "The first time he moves his feet," I said, "play it straight, but if he bucks that time, gang him whenever he does it afterward. Forget everything else and get up there to meet him."

The only time Manning gained a yard that afternoon was the first time he carried, when we were playing our normal defense. After that our defensive backs got up to the line before he did and we overpowered him. We upset the Fordham attack completely and won the game by quite a score. It was the only game Fordham lost that year.

But you say to me, "What if they had thrown a pass when all your backs were reinforcing the line?"

My answer is that they weren't going to throw a pass because they didn't know about Manning's unfortunate mannerism. If he'd been my man I probably wouldn't have noticed it either. I might

not have been able to break him off it anyway, for football players cling tenaciously to those habits even when they want to break them.

Coaches always seem to be more aware of the other team's flaws than of their own and the same goes for individual players. They often will pick up an opponent's mannerisms during a game, things a scout didn't catch.

I remember a classic instance in the Georgetown-West Virginia game of 1928. They had a very good back who was giving us plenty of trouble and Harold Wynkoop, our center, furnished the key to the problem of stopping him.

Wynkoop became fascinated by this back's prominent Adam's apple. When he swallowed it bobbed up and down and Wynkoop finally decided that these tremors were significant. He called time out, pulled the Georgetown team into a huddle and unfolded his theory.

Pointing out the man with the Adam's apple, he said, "When that guy swallows he's going to carry the ball. Now let's watch his throat and gang him the next time he does it."

Sure enough, Wynkoop was right. The West Virginia back had the nervous habit of swallowing every time his signal was called. The physical conformation which heaven had given him made it easy for our players to tell when he swallowed.

Two of the best football players I have had in the six years I have coached at Columbia had mannerisms that were almost as obvious and one of them I didn't know about until the coach of an opposing team told me.

Right here let me say that I am much obliged to Fritz Crisler of Princeton for the tip.

It seems that Red Matal, our right end in 1933, was giving away our pass plays. When he heard the pass signal he became tense in his anxiety to get away from the tackle and get on down the field. Consequently he set himself for an extra fast start. Princeton spotted it and made the most of it. It may have helped them to beat us. At any rate we got a very handsome licking.

Cliff Montgomery, quarterback of the same team, which later made a comeback from the Princeton defeat and won over Stanford in the Rose Bowl, also had a give-away in his early career. When he was going to pass he invariably wiped his throwing hand across the front of his jersey. We never broke him of the habit entirely but we destroyed its usefulness to the enemy by training him to wipe his hand occasionally when he was going to run or spin. Finally the scouts decided that the gesture had no significance.

A great many other good players have had similar nervous and unconscious habits. Benny Friedman used to wet his fingers when he was going to pass. Tiny Hewitt, of Pittsburgh and the Army, used to take a higher stance when he was going to buck the line, and Eddie Tryon of Colgate, one of the greatest running backs of all time, would assume an air of supreme indifference when he heard his signal.

He'd stand back in punt formation with every muscle relaxed and his eyes would wander all over the field until it was time to move. Then he'd be off like a whipper. In the beginning his apparent indifference used to lull the defensive men into a sense of false security. Finally, however, the scouts began to notice that he was most likely to carry the ball when he showed the greatest unconcern. John Van Arnam of Syracuse, I think, was the first to pick it up.

And then there was Tom Davies, Pittsburgh's great back, and that's more or less of a personal reminiscence.

My own undergraduate career was interrupted like a good many others by the war. I served in France with the 54th Infantry and the only connection I had

with football for a couple of years was coaching the company team.

After it was over I went back to the University of Pennsylvania and played on the team along with numerous others who had been to war. We had a very good season but the only thing that saved us from defeat by Pittsburgh was a little thing one of our scouts picked up.

Davies played wing-back for Pitt and I have never seen a better man in the position. Fortunately, however, our scout noticed that he always rose on his toes when he was going to run the reverse play. We were therefore set for him, but even so we had a terrible time stopping him. If we had known nothing about his peculiarity he might have run all over us. As it was we held him down well enough to come out of it with a 3 to 3 tie.

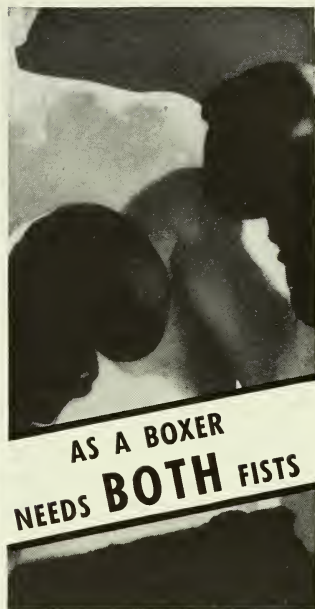
You often have to shift your whole defensive scheme to meet one dangerous individual or combination. That's what Navy did against Michigan in 1926. The previous year Michigan had run up a big score on the midshipmen and there seemed to be a strong probability of a repetition. Michigan had another great team and the wonderful passing combination of Friedman and Oosterbaan. Friedman could drop a football in a bucket at thirty yards and Oosterbaan could run like a deer and catch anything he could reach.

Navy, however, didn't give up in advance. Michigan was scouted carefully and it was decided that the only hope was to break up this pass combination. Navy had only one man, Lloyd, who was both tall enough and fast enough to cover Oosterbaan, and he was an end. He was pulled back to the secondary defense and drilled carefully in his all-important assignment. Michigan liked to cross its ends, the scouts said. Lloyd was instructed in detail on where Oosterbaan would go. He carried out instructions perfectly in the game, sticking to Oosterbaan for sixty minutes. Michigan was unable to complete its favorite pass and its offense became so upset that Navy ultimately won 10 to 0, thus astounding the experts.

In preparing a defense against a good football team, you must first of all get ready to meet its strength. If your scout can tell you its habits as a team or the habits of its individuals you have a good start. It's often necessary to leave yourself weak in one sector so that you can be particularly strong in another, hoping that your opponent won't put his finger on the flaw.

In plotting our defenses at Columbia we have frequently made no provision for covering one of our opponent's backs on passes. We've done this when our scouts have told us that this back habitually stayed in to block, in order to do a more thorough job of covering the men who have been dangerous receivers.

Occasionally we have "buried" our shortside defensive tackle, playing him in opposite the (Continued on page 54)



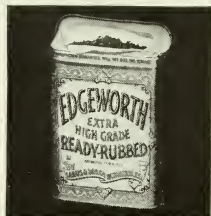
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EDGEWORTH HAS BOTH MILDNESS AND FLAVOR

Watch the Whites of Their Eyes

(Continued from page 53)

other team's guard so that we could meet with greater strength the long-side running plays which the opponent had been using for most of his gains.

In both cases we have counted on the compelling force of habit. If a team has been doing certain things against all its other opponents, the chances are 10 to 1 that it will do them against us, for it's very hard to change the habits of football players in a week. At any rate we have to take the chance, because, first of all, we must oppose strength to strength.

Now perhaps Michigan could have beaten Navy in 1926 by running Oosterbaan as a decoy and sending a less well-known receiver into the middle zone, but Michigan had been doing very well with that long cross-over pass and probably saw no reason for changing tactics. Navy, on the other hand, was doomed to defeat if it didn't do something radical and so had to take the chance involved.

Very rarely an opponent will make a conscious effort to delude your scout by consistently doing something against earlier opponents which he doesn't intend to do against you. I know of one team which used an obvious punt signal throughout the early season with the idea of impressing it on a single scout.

The signal was "30" and it stuck out like a sore thumb in a series of three-syllable numbers, like this: "forty-eight, twenty-six, thirty (pause) forty-four."

The scout thought it was a little too obvious to be real. He told his coach about it and the two of them decided not to mention it to the players. All would have been well except that an end, who was a little too smart for his team's good, picked it up himself in the early part of the big game.

During the first quarter the opponent kicked every time the signal "30" was called. The bright end told his tackle and fullback about it and the three of them evolved a plan to block the next punt.

The fullback was to jump up on the line the next time "30" was called. All three of them were to tear straight in, concentrating on smothering the ball.

All would have been well except that the kicker didn't kick. Instead he faked, ducked around the open flank, picked up two linemen who had sifted through for interference and ran for a touchdown. Needless to say the scout and the coach sat paralyzed with chagrin on the bench.

That was one case where intelligent application of information brought in by a scout went wrong. But good scouting has won many a game and good scouting, as I have said, is not merely a matter of bringing back a ream of inanimate diagrams.

I don't care if a scout doesn't bring me back a single play. If he brings me the formation I can tell what is possible from it. What do I care about the assignments

on their tackle play? They're probably the same as my own.

Here are some of the questions I want my scout to answer for me:

Who are the running linemen and who are the cross-blockers?

What style of defensive line-play do they use and what linemen can be fooled by spinners and mouse-traps?

What is their spacing on defense and how do they cover on passes? Do they use an end or a guard to cover zones?

Who can punt, who can pass, who can run and who is the best blocking back?

Do they have variations in lineup which mean they will run certain plays?

On what downs do they pass? Do they wait until fourth down to kick? Does the quarterback call certain plays in certain parts of the field?

Do all the backs run on passes? If not which one stays in to block?

Do they protect their passer well? Are they weak handling kicks? What is their most vulnerable point?

Last and most important: Have the players any mannerisms which indicate what they are going to do?

The answers to questions like these are worth nine bales of play diagrams. Plays mean nothing. I'll sell you all you want for a nickel apiece. Execution is everything and individuals do the executing.

What are their abilities and weaknesses? Watch the whites of their eyes!

Armistice? Not on This Front

(Continued from page 37)

SIBERIAN VETS.—Proposed formation of Wolfhound Society, also reunion dinner. St. Sgt. Herbert E. Smyth, *The Recruiting News*, Governors Island, N. Y.

WHILE we are unable to conduct a general missing persons column, we stand ready to assist in locating men whose statements are required in support of various claims. Queries and responses should be directed to the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, 1608 K Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. The committee wants information from veterans who know of the following cases:

U. S. S. *Zelandia*—Johnnie J. BAUER, fireman, and others of crew to assist Andrew L. BARRY, Blacksmith on ship.

NAVY ORN. DEPT., NORFOLK, VA.—Lt. LOVE and other men, and doctor on Granby St., Norfolk, who recall Russell J. BURTAN being treated for throat disorder during flu epidemic. Brittan stationed at Pier 4, Pioneer Pl., Portsmouth, and fireman on 30-ft. steamer with Lt. LOVE.

552D M. T. C., CAMP HUMPHREYS, VA.—C. O., company doctor and comrades who recall Bert B. BUDVICK sustaining injury on parade grounds, late Oct., 1918, being confined to quarters, later admitted to infirmary and then confined to quarters until Mar., 1919.

Co. 5, Sec. 2, NAV. TRNG. STA., CHARLESTON, S. C.—Comrades who recall Arthur N. CLARK sustaining rupture while clearing timber for drill ground, Sept., 1917. Also men of Mine Force at Nav. Base 18, Inverness, Scotland.

FORD, Moorman A., colored, ex-pvt., 801st Pioneer Inf., brown eyes, black hair, 5 ft. 6 in., 40 yrs. old. After discharge, lived in Ky., Nashville, Tenn. Disappeared in 1918, at Akron, Ohio.

JOHN M. G. BN., Co. C, 29th Div.—Max KATZ and other men who recall Lewis HAZARD, mechanic, acting as company runner in Fismes sector, Aug. 10, 1918, locating enemy trench mortar and seeking missing man under heavy shell fire.

30TH SERV. Co.—1st Sgt. Winfield C. DAUGHENBACH, Cpls. Henry SILVERSTEIN and Raymond M. ALLOTT, Pvt. Ed. Watson T. STRICKLAND and others who recall W. O. HETTEL suffering from stomach trouble and varicose veins, Dec., 1918, to Sept., 1919.

612TH ENGRS., Co. E—Mess Sgt. of this company at Camp Pike, Ark., Oct. and Nov., 1917, to assist B. B. MACK. Mack used towel of mess Sgt. and contracted trachoma from which he is now almost totally blind.

AIR SERV., KELLY FIELD, TEX.—Former comrades who remember 1st Lt. LEONARD L. PARK suffering with bronchitis and severe heart and kidney ailments for which he was confined to hospital at Ft. Sam Houston, Tex., for seven weeks during period from Dec., 1917 to Aug., 1918.

319TH M. G. BN., Co. B—Address of former Lt. VICTOR M. SALSBURY wanted by A. S. WILSON.

158TH DEP. BRIG., 30TH Co., 8TH BS.—Comrades who remember Kenneth JOE SCHAEFFER, barber, suffering with nervous fever and chronic arthritis, and treated at infirmary, Camp Sherman, Ohio, Aug., 1918.

UEHLINGER, William J., enlisted Marine Corps, Mare Island, Sept., 1915; honorably discharged at Mare Island, Nov., 1919. Last heard from at Henderson and Corpus Christi, Tex., Sept., 1931. Two minor children need his aid.

327TH INF.—Officers and men who recall Lt. T. W. WALKER suffering with severe attack of dysen-

tery in advanced shell hole, Oct. 14, 1918; also 1st Lt. Christopher FORN, Air Serv., who was in German Prison Camp with Walker.

420TH TEL. BN., 12th Corps, Co. D—1st Lt. JOHN C. VAN ETTEN, the bn. medical officer, and others who recall disability of G. E. WILLIAMS.

30TH Co., U. S. M. C.—1st Lt. LOCKHART and others of first platoon who remember shell exploding near Cpl. Stanley Reuben WILLIAMS, burying him to waist and riddling his equipment, June 2, 1918.

8TH Co., C. A. C. Ft. CORRECORDE, P. I.—Chas. FORMESTER, Haish E. DENVER, Mark L. WALLAD and others to assist Joseph ZWALEK.

U. S. S. *Oscola*—Shipmates on ship or at Nav. Sta., 1916-18, who recall injury and shock sustained by John M. GREENWOOD while working over side of the ship.

115TH ENGRS., Co. B—Comrades who served with John RONCHI, Jan., 1918, to July, 1919; served in Second Army offensive, Nov. 8-11, 1918, also Fournelle and Marbach defensive sectors, Oct. 4-11, 1918.

S. S. *Coronia*—Men who recall August W. BUEGER of Intelligence Sec., Sig. Corps, Spec. Personnel Det., falling from hammock to steel deck, while en route to France, Oct. 1, 1918. Removed to Base Hosp. No. 42 in A. E. F. for supposed flu, but claims illness due to back injury on ship.

1st Co., CAMP HANCOCK, GA.—Men who recall 1st Lt. Audrey S. RAYLOR (now deceased) being thrown from horse and hospitalized, July, 1917. To assist widow.

30TH DIV. and Co. B, 364th INF.—Men of both outfits who may recall Arthur Day of Co. B, 364th Inf., who states while acting as platoon scout, shell exploded and next he knew he was with a One-pounder section of 35th Div. on left of 91st Div. Sept. 26, 1918.

JOHN J. NOLL
The Company Clerk

The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly

Woman's Work Is Never Done

(Continued from page 25)

Departments held defense conferences during the year, while innumerable Units conducted similar meetings in their localities. In furtherance of the work, fourteen Departments held essay contests, although this activity had not been required by the national organization.

Thirty-five of the fifty-two Departments of the Auxiliary reported that they had conducted radio programs during the year, with the impressive total of 47,100 minutes on the air. The slogan of "fewer but bigger and better programs" was carried out and brought results. Outstanding programs were those on Armistice Day of 1934, at the National Defense Conference in Washington last January and the American Legion Birthday Program on March 16, 1935, in all of which Mrs. Carlson, the National President, was a principal speaker. In all, the National President broadcast twenty-nine times in twenty-two of the Departments. These were the high points of a report of progress rendered by Mrs. William Glenn Suthers, Chairman of the National Radio Committee.

Mrs. Anna Steese Richardson, Director of the Good Citizenship Bureau of the *Woman's Home Companion* and Legionnaire Stafford King, Auditor of the State of Minnesota, who wrote the biography of the National President for *The American Legion Monthly*, made addresses to the convention. Another distinguished guest of the Auxiliary was Mrs. Harold G. Hoffman, wife of the Governor of New Jersey.

A comprehensive survey of the work accomplished under the direction of the National Rehabilitation Committee was contained in the report of its Chairman, Mrs. Halsey D. Cory. She informed the convention that all of the mandates of the Miami convention including the Christmas program, whereby every veteran in hospitals is remembered with a gift, the Family Contact Service of hospitalized men, and the assistance given by National Headquarters to those Departments not able to meet the expenses of the Christmas program had been carried out. These programs are to continue in effect. More than \$30,000 was contributed to the National Rehabilitation Fund of the Auxiliary, of which amount \$25,000 was given to The American Legion to assist it in its rehabilitation program. It is estimated that almost nine dollars was obtained for veterans and their dependents for every dollar of the fund that was contributed by the women of the Auxiliary. During the past year the active work of securing admission of veterans to hospitals and of securing compensation for them was added to the Auxiliary's program—the first definite joint program with the

Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee.

Mrs. H. E. McClung, La Chapeau National of the Eight and Forty brought the greetings of her organization and presented its report. During the following session, the newly-elected Chapeau National, Mrs. Mary Macafee of Wheaton, Illinois, was presented and introduced her secretary, Mrs. Margaret Delles. Because of the society's special interest in child welfare work, two cups were presented to Auxiliary Departments for work accomplished in this field. Louisiana received the trophy for the most outstanding accomplishments in child welfare, while the Department of Rhode Island received the other cup because every unit in the Department had submitted a report of its work.

The question of the title for the annual essay contest conducted by the Fidac Committee had been delayed for further consideration and the title was later announced by Mrs. Joseph H. Thompson, chairman, as "How Can the American Youth Co-operate with Fidac to Prevent Propaganda of International Hostility?" This subject was approved.

The social highlight of the convention, as usual, was the States Dinner which was held the night preceding adjournment. Then it is that delegates and visitors place in the background all thought of caucuses, of committee meetings, of reports, of furthering their work for favorite candidates. The dinner was unusually brilliant and entertaining—the 1250 guests taxing both the Gold Room and Crystal Room in the Auxiliary headquarters hotel. Here were gathered prominent members of both the Legion and the Auxiliary—it was the women's big party of the year. Tables bedecked with flowers and agleam with candles were surrounded by guests of the National President and guests of the Departments. While contrary to custom, no prizes were offered for decorations, tables of many of the Departments gave indication of the States of the guests. A coal mine in miniature on the West Virginia table, huge cheeses on that of Wisconsin, cornucopias overflowing with products of the farm showed that Iowa was present, a reproduction of the Lincoln Memorial and its reflecting pool indicated the Department of the District of Columbia. Music was in the air, State songs played by a splendid orchestra were sung by the various groups and cheered to the echo.

The guests of honor, including present and past national officers of the Auxiliary and Legion formed an escort for the Governor of Missouri, the Mayor of St. Louis and their wives, members of the local con- (Continued on page 56)

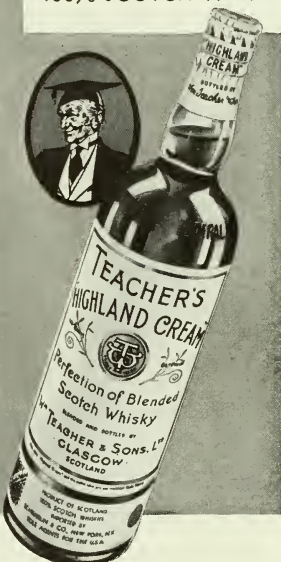


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THE AMERICAN LEGION
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

STATEMENT OF FINANCIAL CONDITION August 31, 1935

Assets	
Cash on hand and on deposit.....	\$7,512.17
Notes and accounts receivable.....	17,713.06
Inventory of emblem merchandise.....	33,291.33
Invested funds.....	\$95,146.55
Permanent investments:	
Legion Publishing Corporation.....	\$678,043.02
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund.....	184,214.71
Improved real estate, office building, Washington, D. C.....	131,220.98
Furniture and fixtures, less depreciation	32,349.54
Deferred charges.....	32,570.55
	\$1,762,061.91
Liabilities	
Current Liabilities.....	31,978.68
Funds restricted as to use.....	25,554.61
Permanent trust:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund.....	184,214.71
Reserve for investment valuation....	63,530.34
	\$305,288.34
Net worth:	
Restricted capital....	\$725,145.55
Unrestricted capital:	
Capital surplus	\$167,125.34
Investment valuation surplus	\$14,567,75.57
	\$1,762,061.91

FRANK E. SAMUEL, National Adjutant

Woman's Work Is Never Done

(Continued from page 55)

vention corporation and National President Mrs. Carlson and National Commander Belgrano. Here was a chance to find friends from all over the country, conveniently grouped by States, and visits from table to table were in order throughout the evening. And, happy to state, it was a strictly "speechless" dinner. Entertainment was furnished by the splendid Legion glee club from Wichita, Kansas, which received an ovation.

Mrs. Carlson introduced her distinguished guests, and as each Past National President was presented, an appropriate song was rendered by the 1934 Championship Auxiliary quartet from Iowa. Thus, as example, for Mrs. Louise Williams was sung "I Love Louisa;" for Mrs. S. Alford Blackburn, "Did You Ever See A Dream Walking?" for Mrs. William H. Biester, Jr., "The Sunshine of Your Smile."

On Thursday, the final session included the presentation of additional committee reports, and the election of national officers. Mrs. Ralph C. Risch of Wisconsin in her report as chairman of the National Child Welfare Committee was in a position to report that a one hundred percent response had been received from the 32 Departments. She stressed the success of the program of "Making Motherhood Safe for Mothers" which had been accepted by both the Legion and Auxiliary during the year. Forty States, largely through Auxiliary effort, have passed legislation providing care for children. The Eight and Forty was commended for its work in connection with the Tuberculin test and the supplying of X-ray treatments.

The report of Mrs. J. B. Dunn, chairman of the Education of World War Orphans Committee contained the encouraging news that ten more Departments announced that their States had provided aid for the education of war orphans, thus reaching a total of thirty-five States and the District of Columbia that are caring for these children. Additional Departments will present bills at the next legislative assemblies in their States.

An exceptionally wide range of community projects undertaken by Auxiliary units, including co-operation with government relief agencies, many beautification campaigns, emergency aid, the purchase of hundreds of band instruments, the sponsoring of Boy Scout and Girl Scout troops, the organization of school safety patrols, sewing classes and the establishment of playgrounds and swimming pools, was covered in the report of the National Community Service and Unit Activities Committee which was brought to the convention by its chair-

man, Mrs. J. Allison Hardy. The library extension program was carried forward notwithstanding economic handicaps. The campaign for better moving pictures, particularly for children, was actively supported by 2,663 units through co-operation with local exhibitors and education not only of the children but of the public in general.

The report of the National Legislative Committee, submitted by Mrs. Lorena Good, chairman, covered in detail the program the Legion and Auxiliary had undertaken for 1935, which included the payment of the Adjusted Compensation Certificates, the assistance for widows and orphans, Universal Service, National Defense and other subjects and the excellent efforts made by the Auxiliary in support of this program. While some of this legislation failed of passage, great progress was made toward securing legislation desired.

The National Bulletin Committee, through its chairman, Mrs. Virginia Bedell, reported great advances in its efforts to place the official Auxiliary publication in the hands of members throughout the country. With the slogan, "Know Your Auxiliary," it succeeded in increasing the paid subscriptions from 2,080 to 15,916, which number in addition to the 10,000 copies distributed each month by National Headquarters to Unit Presidents and other officers has brought the total circulation to 26,000. Improvement in the editorial content and increase in the size of the publication were also accomplished under the guidance of Mrs. Lucy R. D. Ficklen, Past National President, who had been selected by the committee as Director.

With the completion of the committee reports, the National President announced as the next order of business the election of national officers for 1936. Interest was intense, as spirited campaigns had been conducted for the two women who had been placed in nomination, Mrs. Melville Mucklestone of Illinois, and Mrs. Thomas G. Gammie of Oklahoma, both of whom have long been prominent in Auxiliary work in their own Departments and nationally. Election came on the first ballot with Mrs. Mucklestone receiving 429 votes to 303 for her opponent, Mrs. Gammie. The defeated candidate moved that the election of Mrs. Mucklestone be made unanimous.

Amid a great ovation, the new National President was escorted to the platform by her Department's pages and a color guard from Woodlawn, Illinois, Post of The American Legion of whose Unit she is a member. She was greeted by the retiring President, Mrs. Carlson, who bestowed upon her the ribbon badge

of her new office. A trio from Mrs. Mucklestone's home State sang the Illinois Auxiliary song, and Past Department Commander Karl C. Kapschull of Illinois told the convention of the outstanding service which their new President had rendered to the Legion and Auxiliary of her State.

Mrs. Mucklestone accepted the great honor given her in a brief but effective speech, pledging her every effort toward the fulfillment of the duties of her office.

Upon motion, the vote of the entire convention was cast by Mrs. Gwendolyn Wiggin MacDowell, National Secretary, for the five National Vice-Presidents who had been selected by their respective Divisions, and for Mrs. Joseph H. Thompson, re-elected American Vice-President of the Fidac Auxiliary. These women were escorted to the platform and presented to the convention.

The installation of the new national officers was conducted by Past National President Mrs. Eliza London Shepard, after which, in a charming speech, Past National President Mrs. Louise Werle Williams, presented to the retiring National President, Mrs. Carlson, the colors under which she had served the Auxiliary. With the singing of The Star Spangled Banner, the Fifteenth Annual Convention was adjourned.

At a meeting of the National Executive Committee called shortly after adjournment, Mrs. Gwendolyn Wiggin MacDowell of Story City, Iowa, was re-elected National Secretary and Mrs. Cecilia Wenz of Indianapolis, National Treasurer. Mrs. Robert Ramos of New

Orleans was elected National Historian, succeeding Mrs. O. W. Hahn, and Mrs. J. R. Mahaffey of Honolulu, Hawaii, National Chaplain, to succeed Mrs. J. J. Doyle.

ON the evening of the first day of the convention, La Boutique des Huit Chapeaux et Quarante Femmes, the 8 and 40—fun-making organization of Auxiliary members—held its annual Pouvoir National. Mrs. Mary Ellen Macafee of Wheaton, Illinois, was elected La Chapeau National, succeeding Mrs. H. E. McClung of Alabama. The other national officers elected were: Mrs. Theresa Schmidt of Toledo, Ohio, L'Archiviste Nationale; Mrs. Margaret Morrow of St. Louis, L'Aumonier Nationale, and Mrs. Anna Slattery of St. Clair, Pennsylvania, La Concierge Nationale. The new Les Demi Chapeau Nationaux are: Mrs. Florence Kelly, Fresno, California, Western Division; Mrs. Grace Porter, Geraldine, Montana, Northwestern; Mrs. Thelma Bailey, Detroit, Central; Mrs. Ellen Taylor, Baltimore, Maryland, Eastern, and Mrs. Corrine Craig, Oklahoma City, Southern. Mrs. Margaret Delles, Chicago, was elected La Secrétaire-Cassiere Nationale.

An increase of more than 500 members in the society was reported for 1935. For the first time, silver trophies were awarded for outstanding work. Missouri won the trophy for the best child welfare work while Pennsylvania was awarded the trophy for enrolling the largest number of members in the Auxiliary. registering 3,000.

1919—Saint Louis—1935

(Continued from page 17)

and immediate cash payment without reducing interest after October 1, 1931. The method of payment is secondary."

Department Commander Allen of Georgia followed Mr. Patman. He was cheered as he praised National Commander Belgrano's course in declining to let The American Legion's own adjusted compensation measure be sacrificed to the demands of the group led by Congressman Patman.

John Dwight Sullivan, Commander of the New York Department in 1935, spoke next. He recalled the meeting of the legislative committee of the Miami National Convention, on which he served along with Congressman Patman. He declared that Mr. Patman had characterized at that time the Miami convention resolution as "the finest resolution that could come to the floor of the convention."

"And throughout the year," Mr. Sullivan went on, "I have read and heard a vilification of the National Commander, reflecting not only upon him individually but upon the entire American Legion. I am more concerned with preserving the

integrity of this organization and to see to it that it is not delivered over by any one for a personal political purpose."

Next Congressman McFarlane of Texas, an ally of Mr. Patman in the effort to pass an inflationary adjusted compensation bill at the last session, took the floor with a plea that the convention adopt only the first clause of the resolution presented.

Another Congressman then spoke. He was Charles Halleck of Indiana. He declared:

"The matter of the payment of the bonus today is a popular proposition in the United States with all the people. It is a lot more popular issue than the expansion of the currency. If you want the bonus paid, adopt this resolution, divorce the matter of the bonus from any other controversial issue. If they want inflation or expansion of the currency, bring that in on its own base and on its own bottom. Don't tie that thing around the neck of the bonus."

The unanimous adoption of the resolution as pre- (Continued on page 58)



CLEAN OUT the radiator of your car, before you add an anti-freeze. Remove the particles of rust and sediment that stop up the circulation. Don't let a clogged radiator sap power, waste anti-freeze or cause expensive engine trouble.

You can do this job yourself. Sani-Flush makes it easy and inexpensive. Just pour ten cents' worth into the radiator. (Directions are on the can.) Run the engine, drain, flush, and refill with anti-freeze solution. Sani-Flush is thorough. It is safe. Cannot harm radiator, rubber fittings or aluminum cylinder head. Sani-Flush is used in most bathrooms to keep toilets sparkling. You can buy it at any grocery, drug, or hardware store—10 and 25 cent sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, Ohio.

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1919—Saint Louis—1935

(Continued from page 57)

sented was followed by prolonged cheering and handclapping.

FOUR American cities competed for the honor of holding the 1936 national convention and Cleveland won the honor after four ballots had been taken. On the first ballot the vote was: Cleveland, 517; Los Angeles, 340; Denver, 170, and Atlantic City, 165. On the fourth ballot, Denver having withdrawn, the vote was: Cleveland, 612; Los Angeles, 475; Atlantic City, 113. Past National Commander John R. Quinn of California moved on behalf of Los Angeles that Cleveland's selection be made unanimous.

The balloting on Cleveland, Los Angeles, Denver and Atlantic City followed the presentation of the report of the Committee on Time and Place which stated that all four cities had qualified for the honor of holding the 1936 convention by establishing convention corporations, presenting certified checks as guarantees, as required by the Legion's rules, and by demonstrating the adequacy of hotel accommodations.

Four Governors addressed the convention on behalf of the cities in the contest.

Martin L. Davey, Governor of Ohio, spoke for Cleveland. Harold G. Hoffman, Legionnaire Governor of New Jersey, presented the case for Atlantic City. Frank F. Merriam, Governor of California, spoke on behalf of Los Angeles. Denver was championed by the Legionnaire Governor of Colorado, Edward C. Johnson.

Fiorello H. LaGuardia, Legionnaire Mayor of New York City, and Mayor Houde of Montreal each sought for his city the honor of being host to the 1937 convention. The District of Columbia on behalf of Washington, the Department of France on behalf of Paris and the Department of Italy on behalf of Rome also asked for the 1937 National Convention.

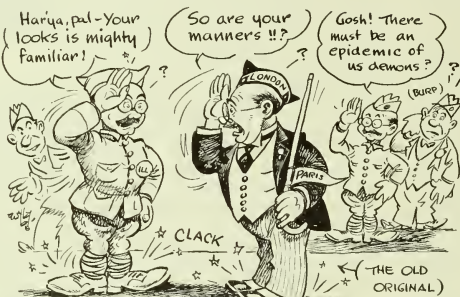
IN ADDITION to the important actions listed earlier in this article, the convention adopted a series of resolutions dealing with all the leading activities and interests of the Legion. These resolutions, relating to such subjects as Americanism, national defense, child welfare, foreign relations, rehabilitation, legislation and finance, form a part of the Legion's working program for the year ahead. The most significant of the resolutions that were presented and approved are summarized hereafter.

AMERICANISM

THE Convention voted that Americanism be continued as the major program of The American Legion for the year 1935-1936.

A resolution was adopted urging that each post be encouraged to form a Post Education Committee.

Thirty-six resolutions dealing with radical and subversive activities were submitted to the convention's committee on Americanism which drew up this single resolution on that subject:



THE SALUTING DEMON OF THE A. E. F. VISITS THE 1935 CONVENTION AND MEETS AN IMPERSONATOR

"Whereas, radical activities having the destruction of constitutional government and all of its privileges as their ultimate objective are increasingly common throughout the nation; and

"Whereas radical agitators and their agents strive most diligently to corrupt the moral and social belief of the youth of our nation, and

"Whereas these activities are supervised, directed and financed by subjects of another nation and find alien residents easy converts and enthusiastic supporters of violent revolutionary doctrines; therefore be it

"Resolved, that the National Legislative Committee be directed to adopt the following platform as a major part of its legislative program:

"1. The closing of all immigration for ten years.

"2. The immediate deportation of all alien-born persons who are members of any society, group or organization that proposes to change or overthrow this Government by force or violence.

"3. The immediate deportation of all destitute aliens.

"4. The immediate deportation of all aliens of illegal entry.

"5. That finger printing of all persons be made compulsory.

Many other resolutions on Ameri-

canism were adopted. Some of the more important:

That the American Legion co-operate with such agencies and organizations as the Parent-Teacher Association and the National Education Association in formulating policies of mutual interest, and also by furnishing speakers to present the Legion point of view at meetings or conventions.

That the federal Government be encouraged to make such financial contributions to the States that adequate educational advantages may be afforded to all children.

That schools and colleges be encouraged to improve their curricula and methods of teaching to the end that studies may be made more effective in developing better citizens.

That all Departments be urged to establish bodies composed of Legion educators, teachers and others interested in education, similar to such a body which has been established by the Kansas Department.

That school officials be more careful in loaning school buildings to organizations, in order that school property shall not be used for the propagation of subversive doctrines.

That the National Director of Americanism distribute a monthly bulletin in regard to communistic and radical movements, for transmission through each State Superintendent of Public Instruction to all high school principals.

That The American Legion shall actively combat communism and that the National Commander shall instruct and order all posts to oppose all organizations whose purposes are "to undermine, sap, overthrow or otherwise destroy the principles of American government."

That The American Legion continue its active opposition to the advocacy in America of Nazism, Fascism, Communism or any other isms that are contrary to the fundamental principles of democracy.

That The American Legion urge immediate rescission of the recognition of Soviet Russia.

That the National Americanism Commission continue its study of the proposal for Legion-sponsored national high school oratorical contests on patriotic subjects.

That the American Legion-MacFadden Youth Movement developed by the Department of Alabama be studied with a view to its possible extension to all other Departments.

That The American Legion extend for another year its national highway safety

and the accident prevention program.

That the National Crime Conference in Washington, D. C., be held annually with American Legion participation, and that it be followed each year by a national crime prevention week to be observed by all communities.

That the Legion continue its efforts to have Armistice Day made a national legal holiday.

NATIONAL DEFENSE

The convention adopted a series of recommendations relating to the Army, Navy and Air Forces, prefaced by the following statement:

"The American Legion has repeatedly advocated a national defense adequate to enable us to be strong enough to stay at peace and simultaneously give us a reasonable chance to protect ourselves in case others force war upon us.

"After many years of continued and dangerous neglect, legislation has finally been obtained during the past few months which goes far toward achieving this objective. This legislation carries out substantially every major national defense recommendation made by The American Legion at its last national convention. The Legion notes with satisfaction that the soundness of its recommendations has finally been realized in a practical way and it expresses its commendation and appreciation to that vast number of our fellow-citizens, official and non-official, who have been instrumental in obtaining by far the most successful national defense legislation since The American Legion was founded. It recommends that this splendid recent progress be retained, consolidated and expanded to its reasonable and logical conclusions."

The following recommendations were made in relation to the Army:

1. A Regular Army of 165,000 enlisted men, 14,000 officers and enlisted reserves as recommended by the General Staff.
2. National Guard of 210,000 men, with proportionate officers; forty-eight paid weekly drills and fifteen days' annual field training.
3. Reserve Corps of 120,000 officers, with two weeks' annual training for 30,000.
4. R. O. T. C. in each qualified school or college desiring it, with six weeks' summer camps for higher students.
5. C. M. T. C. for one month for 50,000 youths yearly.
6. Continuation of National Rifle Matches.
7. Adequate peacetime supplies and planning for procurement in time of emergency.
8. Modernization of our entire military establishment with appropriate motorization and mechanization.

The recommendations for the Navy were:

1. A Treaty Navy and men to man it.
2. Adequate naval reserve in accord-

ance with the specific requirements of the Navy, with a minimum naval, marine and merchant marine reserve of 92,000 enlisted men and 17,000 officers.

3. Forty-eight paid drills and fifteen days' training each year for Naval and Marine Corps Reserves.

4. New Reserve training ships to replace obsolete ones.

5. Adequate government support for the Merchant Marine.

The Air Force recommendations were:

1. Sufficient funds to carry on the pre-existing services of the Bureau of Air Commerce.

2. Opposing the consolidation of the Air Service of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps within a single department for national defense.

3. Adequate air defense of the coasts and possessions of the United States.

4. Congressional appropriations to provide adequate flying hours for air officers of all reserve components.

5. Continuance of the work of establishing blind landing fields and other tactical bases.

6. Provision for concentration and operating base facilities.

7. Continuance of training of Navy aviation cadets.

8. Development of a balanced force of 2,500 military planes by annual procurement of 800 completely-equipped military planes.

9. Adequate program for training a Civilian Air Reserve.

10. Every reasonable assistance to commercial aviation.

FINANCE

The convention adopted the recommendation that all post officers handling post funds be bonded.

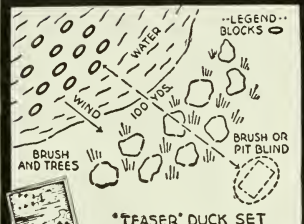
It adopted the recommendation that the general offices of the Legion Publishing Corporation in Indianapolis be transferred to the National Headquarters Building at 777 North Meridian Street in Indianapolis.

Approving the action of the National Executive Committee, the convention directed the dissolution of the Legion Publishing Corporation and the creation of a national standing committee for the editing and publishing of all national Legion periodicals. This new standing committee is to be a division of the national organization subject to the direction and control of the National Executive Committee.

The convention approved the publication and distribution to all members of the news periodical known as *The National Legionnaire*, "containing only current, important information concerning the activities, program and progress of the national organization and all of its divisions, and other matters of immediate veteran interest." The National Publicity Division will have charge of its publication and distribution. (Continued on page 60)

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1919—Saint Louis—1935

(Continued from page 59)

INTERNAL ORGANIZATION

THE convention directed that when a Legionnaire moves from his local community to another, it shall be the duty of the Adjutant of his post to forthwith notify the Adjutant of the post in the community to which he has moved.

It was recommended that space be provided on the national membership card for a notation showing the former post to which a member belonged, in cases where membership has been transferred.

Instructions were given that the veteran population of the several States as shown by the 1930 Federal Census be ascertained and used as the basis for determination of national convention priority of the Departments.

The convention directed the compilation in book form of all copies of the *Legion-Heir* already issued by the National Americanism Commission, copies of the book to be made available to squadrons of the Sons of The American Legion. Continuance of publication of the *Legion-Heir* was directed, copies to be mailed to all members of the Sons of The American Legion. National dues of the Sons of The American Legion were set at twenty-five cents for the new year.

All Departments were requested to distribute to all squadrons of the Sons of The American Legion copies of a questionnaire for the examination of the members of the sons' organization in the principles upon which the society is based. Members successfully passing the examination shall receive the Five Star Medal Award.

The convention directed that special cards shall be provided to certify five-year periods of consecutive membership in The American Legion, to be awarded to those members entitled to receive them. In connection with the award of these cards, the National Emblem Division was instructed to stock silk stars which members may purchase and wear on the Legion cap or the lower left sleeve of the Legion shirt or blouse.

CHILD WELFARE

THE convention directed that at least half of the income from The American Legion Endowment Fund shall be allocated to the use of American Legion child welfare work, and that, as in the past, at least \$10,000 be allocated out of revenues from other than endowment fund income for the administrative expenses of the National Child Welfare Division.

It was directed that the Area Child Welfare Conferences be continued annually and that provision for them be included in the budget of the National Child Welfare Division.

It was directed that the policy of

employing only trained and experienced persons for national child welfare work be continued, and that the National Child Welfare Division assist Departments in making adequate assistance available as such assistance shall be necessary.

The allocation of funds for special service to Departments in advancing the child welfare program of the Departments was approved for continuance in the budget of the National Child Welfare Division.

The convention urged that Mother's Day be celebrated by joint meetings of all American Legion posts and their Auxiliary units.

The convention reaffirmed the 1934 national convention action in supporting the Federal Child Labor Amendment and urged Departments to secure ratification in the States which have not already ratified it.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

IN SESSION at a moment when Italy seemed certain to open active war on Ethiopia, with possible widening of the conflict to include other countries, the convention adopted the following neutrality resolution:

"Whereas, The American Legion wishes that the United States remain at peace with all nations of the world; therefore be it

"Resolved, that we commend the neutrality resolution passed by the Congress of the United States and pledge our support to the maintenance of absolute neutrality by the United States Government."

The convention also adopted this resolution:

"Deeply conscious as we are of the disturbing elements which say that war must come and that there is no hope for peace, we stand confident and unafraid in The American Legion in our belief that peace is possible and we offer all our efforts to its practical accomplishment.

"Reaffirming, as we do, our belief in the duty of the individual in time of war; reaffirming, as we do, our belief in the Universal Draft, we stretch out our hand and pledge our honor and all our efforts to all nations on earth to bring about the practical realization of the ideal, 'Glory to God, and peace on earth to men of good will.'"

On the subject of war debts, the convention passed a resolution asserting that the failure of European countries to pay their war debts to the United States has, by adding to the financial burden of our nation, worked an undue hardship upon the American people. The resolution concluded:

"The American Legion records its ap-

1919—Saint Louis—1935

(Continued from page 61)

stitutional psychopath or mental deficient there should be a complete social service report available before the diagnosis is confirmed.

M. That when there is to be an investigation of questioned testimony, the claimant or his representative should be notified and that testimony taken by an investigator should be in the form of questions and answers, and that a copy of the deposition be given to the witness.

N. Consideration of the advantages and disadvantages of the new Form 526 for all disability benefits.

O. Continued interest in instructions issued under Veterans Regulation 2 (d) so as to permit consideration of new and material evidence by rating boards or original jurisdiction with right of appeal.

P. The inclusion in the present list of "Constitutional Diseases" the following conditions: Chronic bronchitis, bronchiectasis, bronchial asthma, chronic pulmonary emphysema, and amoebic dysentery; and a survey of other chronic constitutional diseases which might warrant inclusion in this list and action toward their inclusion.

Q. A deliberate and detailed review of all claims disallowed or rated at less than 10 per cent disabling under Public Laws 2 and 78, specifying that a current physical examination be available in the less-than-10-percent cases, and that rating agencies be authorized to use as a guiding principle the "Special Board" instructions in reviewing the disallowed claims.

R. That those cases on the compensation rolls on March 10, 1933, whose service connection was severed under Public Law No. 2 and reinstated under Public Law No. 141 be considered as having been in continuous prosecution, even though no appeal was filed, so as to fully protect their rights.

S. A total disability rating for all classes of active pulmonary tuberculosis, both service connected and non-service connected, and that those cases suffering from B or C symptoms be not called for physical examination until the Veterans Administration has determined whether or not the beneficiary is in condition to travel without jeopardizing his health.

T. An increase in the amount of compensation payable to dependents of deceased veterans.

U. A careful study by the standing committee of the estates of incompetent dependents.

V. Recommending that in no event shall compensation in directly service-incurred cases be denied those individuals

who are permanently and totally disabled because of paresis, paralysis or blindness, or who are helpless or bedridden because of misconduct disease.

SPECIAL RESOLUTIONS

BY ADOPTING resolutions submitted by its committee on resolutions, the convention expressed its sentiments and desires on a number of subjects not included in the foregoing summaries. Among these were the following:

A resolution urging that preference be given in public works projects of the Federal Government to those who are citizens of the United States.

A resolution "vigorously opposing any



executive clemency for Grover C. Bergdolf or any other draft evader.”

A resolution which authorized the National Commander to create a Committee on Veterans Employment, to carry out the following program:

1. That veterans are entitled to employment commensurate with educational ability and physical condition regardless of age.

2. That no veteran shall be required to obtain political endorsement for employment in any Federal, state, county or municipal project.

3. That no disabled veteran shall be prevented from obtaining or retaining public employment unless it is established by adequate medical testimony that such veteran is physically unfit.

4. That no veteran in public employment shall be discriminated against as to salary, retention in service or promotion.

5. That existing instructions concerning eligibility for selection of employment through any relief agency shall be waived in the case of veterans seeking such employment.

6. That in positions where existing rules require university or college degrees, veterans shall, where their practical experience is sufficient, be allowed to offer such practical training in lieu of university or collegiate training.

A resolution was also adopted calling for the appointment by the National

Commander of a special committee of three to conduct a further investigation of the facts surrounding the hurricane catastrophe on the Florida Keys in September, the committee to report its findings to the National Executive Committee at the next meeting in November. The adoption of this resolution followed the preparation of unusually complete reports on the disaster by Watson B. Miller, chairman of the National Rehabilitation Committee, and Howard P. MacFarlane of Tampa, Florida, who visited the scene immediately following the disaster at the direction of National Commander Frank N. Belgrano, Jr.

Both reports agreed that the primary reason more than 225 veterans lost their lives was a defect in the system of the Weather Bureau.

A special resolution was adopted in memory of these prominent Legionnaires who died in the past year: Wilder S. Metcalf of Kansas, James D. Sory, Jr., of Kentucky, John A. Elden of Ohio, James H. McMillan of Wisconsin, Bronson M. Cutting of New Mexico, Frank A. Warner of Nebraska, James J. Deighan of Pennsylvania, James Q. Lackey of Kentucky, and W. W. Atterbury of Pennsylvania.

MORE than 125 bands and drum corps took part in the national convention parade and other events of the convention, and observers were impressed by the great progress made by these organizations in 1935. In costuming, in musical excellence and marching, the bands and drum corps attained new Legion heights.

Board of Trade Post of Chicago won first place in the band competition. Second was the band of Franklin Post of Columbus, Ohio. Omaha Post's outfit was third, and Mineral Wells (Texas) Post fourth.

In the drum corps competition, San Gabriel (California) Post won a spectacular victory after triumphing over obstacles to travel the long distance to the convention. Henry H. Houston 2d Post of Germantown, Pennsylvania, was second. Commonwealth Edison Post of Chicago was third, and Morrirstown (New Jersey) Post was fourth.

Beverly Hills Post of Chicago won the drill team contest, in which Electric Post of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, was second.

First prize in the post history contest was awarded on the convention platform to Dorsey-Liberty Post of Lawrence, Kansas, for the history prepared by its Post Historian, Archibald Oliver. The second prize was won by Niles Huff



Post of Ponca City, Oklahoma, of which Herbert L. Schall is historian. Cold-water (Michigan) Post won third prize, for its history submitted by Historian Fred A. Smith.

The following posts were awarded 400 Percent Club Citations for having attained in 1935 four hundred percent of their preceding year's membership: Alma Martin Post, Alabama; Nathaniel McBride Post, Colorado; Nagel-Rehms Post, Colorado; New Smyrna Post, Florida; Pete Thurston Post, Georgia; 13th Engineers Post, Illinois; Hays-Hickerson Post, Missouri; Postal Service Post, Missouri; Lester Conboy Post, Missouri; King City Post, Missouri; Burke County Post, North Carolina; Varner-Rhinehart Post, North Carolina; Charles T. Norwood Post, North Carolina; Highland Park Post, Virginia.

THE American Legion's national convention in any year deserves the title of America's greatest national pageant. The St. Louis convention, like those which went before it, covered the ranges of all the emotions, from comedy to tragedy and pathos. There was the horseplay of the reveling crowds, the throwing of water from hotel windows and the cavorting in streets and the building of bonfires at intersections. Drum corps and bands marched and counter-marched endlessly in and out of hotel lobbies, and in the upper halls of those hotels fun-seeking conventionnaires roamed from room to room. In the deep courts of the hotels, opened windows revealed to all who cared to see the little comedies of those who for 361 days of the year are staid citizens

The majority of the photographs accompanying the accounts of the Legion and Auxiliary conventions were taken by Wilson Todd, Chairman, American Legion Official Photographers. Inquiries concerning these photographs and scores of others depicting convention activities should be addressed to Legionnaire Todd at Drawer 27, St. Louis

in America's home towns. Forty and Eight locomotives rumbled through every crowd-filled street with whistles shrieking, bells ringing.

A casual stranger might have seen

only these evidences of The American Legion in convention. He should have been present at the opening session when, in an atmosphere of solemnity and patriotic fervor, Madame Schumann-Heink sang "The Star Spangled Banner," her voice trembling at times from her deep emotion, and followed it with "There Is No Death."

Tears were in the eyes of the aged singer and she almost collapsed when National Commander Belgrano presented to her a citation for her loyal and distinguished service to The American Legion. She struggled with her emotions as she pledged herself to keep on serving the Legion and "our beloved United States—America."

Thirteen Governors of States attended various functions of the convention, including the formal dinner of National Commander Belgrano to distinguished guests. General John J. Pershing sent from France a message, read from the platform, in which he said:

"As the years go by, and they are passing with astonishing rapidity, I feel an ever-increasing affection for the men who fought the nation's battles in the World War. Our ranks are growing thinner, but our hearts beat as strongly in the cause of freedom as in those trying days when facing the enemy on foreign soil. The loyal men of that force are becoming more and more the bulwark of the nation. No body of citizens is truer to the principles for which succeeding generations of Americans have fought."

The stranger to the Legion, pondering over the revelry and trying to find the secret of that power which makes men serve the Legion with fervent loyalty year after year, might profitably have observed the drama of the retirement of J. Monroe Johnson of South Carolina after serving his Department as National Executive Committeeman since its earliest days. Relinquishing his Legion post because of his recent appointment as Assistant Secretary of Commerce, Mr. Johnson was given an affectionate ovation when he appeared on the convention platform and spoke with the deepest emotion.

"An individual cannot come into existence in this world without leaving his influence (Continued on page 64)



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1919 ~ Saint Louis ~ 1935

(Continued from page 63)

forever behind him," Mr. Johnson said. "Except for those men of unlimited ability and unlimited opportunity, their influence does not remain identified with an individual. It is not so with organizations.

"If I have contributed anything in these seventeen years to this reputation that is to live forever in the name of this

organization I have reached my place in immortality, and it is another proof, physical proof, not requiring faith. The immortality is a fact and you are responsible for the reputation, immortal reputation, of this American Legion of ours.

"My heart goes with you and I know it will never be broken."

★ THE FORTY AND EIGHT ★

THE Forty and Eight, holding its convention in another part of the Municipal Auditorium, heard reports of continued progress in the work of La Société. An innovation in arrangements for the boxcar society's convention was the limiting of its deliberations to three days, thus bringing the election of officers a day ahead of the Legion's elections instead of following them by a few hours. The Society's annual parade, through the downtown streets of St. Louis on the night before the big Legion parade, drew a crowd of approximately 350,000 people, who laughed and thrilled to the scores of fun-provoking entries spaced between the conventional boxcars and locomotives.

For its new Chef de Chemin de Fer, succeeding John D. Crowley of Cambridge, Massachusetts, the Forty and Eight chose Fred M. Fuecker of Seattle, Washington, who has had wide experience in both Legion and Forty and Eight service. The new Chef enlisted in the Regular Army in 1910 and served until 1916 in Hawaii, the Philippines and Texas. On April 5, 1917, the day before the United States got into the war, he was commissioned a first lieutenant and had ten months' overseas service with the 151st Field Artillery of the 42d Division. His Legion membership is in University Post at Seattle, and he has just completed two years' service as Adjutant of the Department of Washington.

Other officers of the Forty and Eight for the coming year are: Sous Chefs de

Chemin de Fer, Dr. Eugene C. Fogg, Portland, Maine; Fred G. Fraser, Washington, D. C.; Robert R. Roberts, Youngstown, Ohio; Rex G. Whittemore, Pomona, California; James C. Casserly, New Orleans, Louisiana; L. G. Miller, Crookston, Minnesota; Commissaire Intendant National, N. Carl Nielsen, Gig Harbor, Washington.

Correspondant National, Charles W. Ardery, Indianapolis; Avocat National, Dwight C. Dale, Syracuse, New York; Historien National, Paul J. McGahan, Washington, D. C.; Aumonier National, Rev. E. A. Blackman, Kansas City; Gardes de la Porte Nationale, R. E. Redfield, Gulfport, Mississippi, and Earl R. Wiseman, Little Rock, Arkansas; Drapeau National, L. E. Clift, Terre Haute, Indiana.

The Child Welfare Committee of La Société reported that in the past year it had supervised immunization against diphtheria for 350,000 children. Other child welfare activities stressed in the work of the Forty and Eight included maintenance of health camps, dental and infantile paralysis clinics, providing care and facilities for tonsilectomies, supplying artificial eyes, and vaccination to prevent smallpox and scarlet fever.

The Vulture Nationale Trophy, for bringing in the largest number of new Legion memberships, was awarded the Grande Vulture of New York, which accounted for 9,018. The individual membership trophy went to William E. Richards of New York, who brought in 460 new Legion members.



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Service!

Not yesterday's service . . . nor only today's . . . but TOMORROW'S, too

★ That is the foundation of The American Legion. Certainly that boy . . . or girl, too . . . is glad you belong. More than glad—*Proud* is the word. Proud you faced death to serve . . . Proud you are still serving, in peace as in war. Prouder still they will be when they look tomorrow upon the America you are building today!

This is the message the 1936 American Legion Poster Brings You and All Citizens. Lithographed in colors, it

tells the story of The American Legion forcefully, completely, quickly.

★ See this poster on display at your department convention. It will be ready for thirty thousand outdoor panels the first of November, through the co-operation of the Outdoor Advertising Association of America, Inc., if your Post does its part and orders the required number early. Take this order blank to your next Post meeting and get action on it. The National Organization of The American Legion has officially adopted the above design and has authorized the Morgan Lithograph Company, Cleveland, Ohio, to make, sell and distribute all Legion posters, display cards and windshield stickers bearing such design.

----- ORDER BLANK—REMITTANCE, PAYABLE TO THE MORGAN LITHOGRAPH CO., MUST ACCOMPANY THIS ORDER -----

MORGAN LITHOGRAPH COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO.


1935

Please enter our order for posters @ \$1.00 each delivered. Check or money order for \$..... enclosed.
 window cards @ 6c each delivered. (Minimum order 20 cards.)
 windshield stickers @ 3c each delivered. (Minimum order 50 stickers.)

..... Post Ship posters to local poster plant owner:
 No. Dept. of Name
 Street Street
 City City State

Post Adjutant or Commander

Approval of Local Poster Plant Owner



NO THANKS!
I'D RATHER HAVE
A LUCKY.

They're easy on
my throat

IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

There are no finer tobaccos than those used in *Luckies*